

International Cooperation at a World Meeting

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Additional Tags:	World Meeting (Hetalia) , Tags for characters added as I post chapters, pretty much everyone will show up at some point, Including some more obscure characters, pairings are hinted at, So this takes place in 2011-2012, aka Hetalia glory days, Which I weren't a part of, But which I'm trying to reflect in this fic, A ton of door slamming for some reason, No micronations sorry, Implied/Referenced Sexual Assault, forced stripping
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International Cooperation at a World Meeting

by [Klokkenspel](#)

Summary

England wants that cup of morning tea he missed. Meanwhile, America is convinced Russia has kidnapped Canada, Japan is still confused by western culture, Prussia and France are racing to see who can strip the most nations, Romano is angry at the whole world, but especially Italy, and Germany wishes he were managing anything else.

Features a *lot* more nations(see tags), some of which actually play a bigger role than the ones mentioned above. Basically standard World Meeting craziness taken up to eleven.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Nudity, not described in detail. Nothing explicit and only two brief, passing mentions of sex in a somewhat roundabout way. *pats myself on back*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was a World Meeting today.

This was the first thought that registered in England's mind as he woke, yawning blearily and brushing Flying Mint Bunny's feathers off his face. There was no alarm clock; after all those centuries of waking up to a precise schedule, there was no need for one.

Normally, England's eyes flew open as he suddenly registered the level of light that was filtering through his window. It was bright, glaring, and very alarming.

Fuck.

England swiped his phone off his bedside table and fumbled until he could get it on.

6:00 a.m.

Just his luck. Had he been drinking the night before? England searched his memories.

He couldn't remember. But he did know he went to sleep a lot later than usual. Probably because of something America did. And there *was* a faint buzzing at the back of his mind.

England scrambled out of bed, got dressed, brushed his teeth, and packed his suitcase with the need documents, notes, and weapons. His mind screamed at him to move faster, and England wanted to scream back about his lost sleep, breakfast, and most importantly, *tea*.

10 minutes later, he was at Heathrow airport. And miraculously, just 1 hour after that he was on the plane, flying for Amsterdam.

He leaned against the back of the seat, grumbling about his cup of morning tea. The passenger next to him, an old man reading a magazine, gave him a sympathetic look, which England appreciated. His people knew about the importance of such a sacred ritual.

A while later, he was in Amsterdam, in a meeting room, and seriously regretting coming here. Even a stern talk with his boss and trouble with the United Nations wasn't worth dealing with the chaos that was the World Meeting when he was both sleep deprived and tea deprived.

"Oh hello, Angleterre." France sauntered over, completely ignoring the seating arrangement and Germany's orders to stay in them. Since Germany was busy trying to stop Italy from running away from Russia, it wasn't like he could stop France anyway.

"Fuck off," England snapped. France recoiled, but of course he didn't go away.

"Why the language, Angleterre? I thought you fancied yourself a gentleman."

"A gentleman who's tired of you and your stupid language!" France had been speaking in French the whole time. In fact, he always spoke French at World Meetings, at least to England.

"My language just so happened to create yours!"

"It did not 'create' English!"

"Might as well have, mon cher! William did you such a service, refining that barbarism into-"

"Don't you dare finish that sentence!" England could see this was going to be a long day.

A small white bear was chewing on a piece of leather. Holding the bear in his lap was Canada, dutifully writing down notes despite being one of the few nations doing so. The current presenting nation was Denmark, so that was a given.

A few minutes later, as expected, people were fighting. Canada was reasonably certain it started at England's area, but he couldn't be sure. Sighing, he looked around briefly to check if the violence was spreading his way or not.

Just as he was about to reassure himself the fighting was contained between England and former European powers, a large cold hand clamped down on his shoulder.

Canada froze.

"Privet, Canada," Russia greeted cheerfully. Canada suppressed a shudder and turned around, a nervous smile on his face. *Maple! What's Russia doing here?*

"Er-hello, Russia," Canada replied in a small, whispery voice. Kumajika briefly looked up from his 'meal' before continuing to chew the leather.

After an awkward silence, in which Russia continued to stare at him with a creepy smile, Canada decided he'll have to face his fears and break the barrier.

"W-what might you be doing here, Russia?" *The Baltics are on the other side of the table!* Canada's mind screamed. Then he immediately felt guilty about wishing Russia on the three nations, who have definitely suffered enough from him.

"Well, I was just thinking, *I should visit my friends more*. Because, comrade Canada, how can I be a good, responsible friend to you all if I don't interact, da?" Russia's smile got wider as he spoke. Canada gripped Kumajama and gave a tiny nod. "So you see, I was thinking about

this and I realized, 'there's a World Meeting soon,' so I decided I'd get to know my friends better there."

"Um-that sounds nice..." Since when were he and Russia friends?

"So Canada, let's go have fun after the meeting, da?" Canada wasn't sure what Russia meant by fun. According to America, he didn't want to find out either.

Canada gulped and tried to keep his expression relaxed. Kumakuchi spat out the piece of leather. "Your shoe tastes terrible. I want some maple syrup."

"Kumasova, I don't have any right now-

"I can get you some!" Russia interrupted cheerfully. "I can see we'll be very, very good friends! I'm so happy!" His eyes glinted.

Canada lowered his head and mumbled in agreement. Smiling, Russia grabbed his arm and lead him out of the meeting room. No one stopped them. Canada looked around, desperate, but Germany appeared to be busy with America and Japan. To the rest of the world, the sight of Russia leading another forgettable nation away was not worth investigation.

Especially because of the large smile on his face, cold yet warm, friendly yet menacing.

That smile could freeze hearts.

America was doodling superheroes in the margins of his speech when he felt something large and cold pass by. Whipping around immediately, he saw Russia walk by him. Instead of picking a fight, he seemed to not even notice America.

Strange... The hero must investigate!

America was making to get up and follow Russia when a firm hand clamped down on his arm.

"Sit down!" Germany ordered. "I will not have you running around and provoking trouble."

"But Russia-"

"No excuses!" America frowned. Didn't Germany know the importance of stopping Russia? He could be building nukes and planning the spread of communism as they speak!

"Dude, this is important-

"That's what you always say!" Germany replied, exasperated. "I seated you here specifically so I could make sure you wouldn't cause trouble, America."

"I'm not causing trouble!" He was saving the world from Russia! America looked around and spotted Russia talking to... was he talking to thin air? Wait, that was Canada! His brother! Who knows what terrors Russia was about to inflict on him?

"Let me go, Germany!"

"Never!" Germany had both hands restraining America now. "Japan! Help me!" Japan, who sat on America's other side, hesitated, looking between the two nations.

"Um..."

"Japan, it's about Russia! He's planning something evil!" There! Japan was opening his mouth to tell Germany off, to aid him! He knew he could count on his friend!

But instead of telling Germany to let go, Japan sighed and turned to face America.

"America-kun, you do not need to get so worked up about Russia. Please just stay in your seat."

America froze, a look of betrayal printed onto his face. How could he...

Japan looked taken aback.

America glanced frantically at Canada's seat. He was gone. Along with Russia.

"There's no need to panic," Japan tried to soothe. "You can always investigate after the meeting."

America slumped in his seat, gaze lingering on the empty chair across the table. His brother was gone.

France was absolutely *not* a stupid, cowardly, easy to defeat man on the battlefield, no matter what the rest of Europe says! Of course, he usually lost sword fights with other nations...and gun fights...and paintball fights...but that was all just bad luck! Or God was playing a joke on him! They were all cheating anyways! Yes, that was it!

France froze as a cutlass was rammed through his heart. The gleaming, curved blade speared all the way through him in one quick motion before being yanked out just as cleanly.

He fell to his knees, England grinning triumphantly above him. Blood started seeping out of the openings on both sides.

"Ha! Take that! The British Empire always wins AH HAHAHA!"

Okay, maybe he *was* bad at this. Not that he'd ever admit it to that black sheep! Who just killed him! With no sense refinement at all, he might add. Just straight up rammed a sword into him, which was bad enough, but there wasn't even a prior warning! What a terrible, uncultured way of killing someone.

France was starting to see why he was so easy to kill.

His face hit the floor with a splat.

White hair, red eyes, pale skin, a military uniform, topped with a confident smirk. Oh, and dragging a hopefully unconscious man, though those blood stains left quite a bit for the darker sides of the imagination.

People gawked for a few seconds before hurriedly looking away, but Prussia paid the humans no mind. He was an ex-nation on a mission! Though he's yet to work out the details, but those don't matter. Too much.

Down the halls, away from humans, from other nations. It was just the two of them. Now, if only they could get Spain in on this, but he had insisted he was still too sick to attend. How unawesome.

France shifted in his grip, already showing signs of waking up. Prussia stopped by a dark wooden door and looked around. No one. He opened the door and shoved France inside what he knew to be a small meeting room, before entering and closing the door.

"Angleterre?" France mumbled, confused.

"Nope! Time to wake up, France, we have stuff to do!" Prussia gave France's shoulder a hard shake, for good measure.

"I'm up! I'm up!" France looked around. "This isn't the meeting room."

"Of course not! We're not forming our awesome plans in that place! To many enemies. I barely managed to get you out of that mess."

France blinked.

"Awesome plans?" he echoed. Looks like he's still a bit stunned from that move England pulled on him. With was pretty strange, now that Prussia thought about it. England usually didn't start trying to kill nations until rather late into the fights, but he didn't look drunk...

Focus!

"Of course! I'm banned from attending World Meetings, remember? It's been a long time since I've managed to sneak into one, so we gotta make my entrance good!" Prussia looked at France expectantly. "You in?"

"Hmm. Will annoying England be involved?"

"Sure!"

France smiled.

"Well then, anything for an old friend!"

Japan wasn't sure why America was giving him sullen looks for the rest of the meeting, especially since all he did was tell him to not get too worked up over Russia. After all, every time those two meet at a World Meeting, bad things happened.

It wasn't some very offensive, taboo thing in western culture, was it? In American culture? Surely he'd know about it by now.

After Germany was finally made aware and able to sort out the mess of European countries that were fighting, everyone settled back into their seats and Slovakia started presenting. Japan couldn't help but feel someone was missing, someone whose absence should alarm him...

But it was probably nothing. Yes, that was it. Nothing at all; he was just too concerned about America.

After Slovakia was done, it was lunch break. The room they used was a large, spacious one filled with tables, and it was usually pretty easy to see which group of nations were gather around one. East Asia, Baltics, Nordics, the nations rarely ever changed seating patterns.

Japan, though he was part of East Asia, always avoided that table, even if certain members were still trying to get him to join. Like usual, he sat with Germany and Italy, though when he got to the table Italy wasn't there.

"Germany-san?" Japan asked. "Have you seen Italy-kun? He's usually the first one here." It was strange; Italy was almost never late when it came to food. That, Japan could usually count on.

"No, I haven't." Germany's expressed deepened into a frown. "And I was too busy with the rest of Europe to notice...verdammt."

After an awkward silence, Germany finally continued. Japan noticed someone rustling out of the corner of his eye.

"I'm too busy with paperwork this lunch break, so...can you go find Italy? No doubt he's cluelessly lost somewhere, doing something foolish." Japan could almost see in Germany's eyes how much it pained him to ask for help with Italy.

"Of course, Germany-san." Japan said. His sense of duty for a friend would never let him refuse, though secretly Japan was also glad to get away from a certain nation trying to sneak up on him from behind.

A faint, disappointed sigh could be heard from South Korea as Japan left the room.

Of course, the plan was quite obvious from the start. They were the Bad Touch Trio, after all. Even if Spain wasn't here.

"So, whose body are we going to show off first?" France asked. Prussia petted Gilbird while pretending to think.

"Well, someone easy for our first target. We'll save the harder ones as part of my big reveal."

France agreed. He didn't have a preference, and was content to let Prussia choose their targets. Of course, he'll have to don the rose at some point...

Just then, they heard someone humming. It was a soft, carefree tune, accompanied by light footsteps.

France and Prussia exchanged knowing looks.

"...really, really nice place. Even-" Italy abruptly cut off his singing, stopping in front of France, who was standing outside the room.

"Hello, big brother France!" he said, smiling. "How are you doing?"

"Quite well! What might you be doing here?"

A slight frown crossed Italy's face.

"Well, I was bored and hungry, and the meeting was almost over so I thought Germany wouldn't mind if I went and made some pasta. But while I was walking, I realized I forgot the rest of the way there. I guess it's been too long since I've been in this place..." Italy's face brightened. "It's okay though! Germany will find me. He always does!"

"Well, of course my brother will find you! But for now..." An almost predatory look was displayed on Prussia's face. He was poking his head out, with a beckoning hand. "Come into this room with us. We need to...show you something."

"Oh? Of course!" Honestly, Italy was way too easy, even if he did have suspicions. France couldn't see it, but he knew it was there.

"Now, let's see..." France tugged at Italy's military suit while closing the door. "Yes, we'll start with this..."

"Huh?" Italy turned to France. "What is it, France?"

"Well-

"Wait!" Prussia interrupted. "I'm going to do it!"

France frowned. Why did things have to get difficult now?

"Prussia, I'm usually the one doing these things..."

"But I'm the leader of this mission!" Prussia paused, his eyes narrowed. France caught something-was that jealousy in his eyes? "Italy is mine. I'll let you have the next one."

France hesitated, but something seemed to have come over Prussia, something the nation of love found almost...scary.

"Fine." He relented. Perhaps things would be better this way. After all, he's seen and stripped Italy naked many times.

"Eh? What are you two talking about?" Italy asked. But France suspected Italy wasn't as innocent as he acted. There was no way, after all this time-

"Why don't you take off that uniform, Italy?" Prussia suggested, smiling.

"Well, it *is* scratchy. And uncomfortable. So I guess..." Italy replied, and began unbuttoning the blue jacket to reveal a white t-shirt underneath. He didn't seem at all bothered by the situation.

Prussia smiled, and France, after a tense second, did as well.

After the meeting, America had immediately gone to the table where he and Canada usually sat. He stood there for about five minutes before leaving the dining room to find his brother.

Of course, knowing Russia, the commie probably has poor Canada locked up somewhere, torturing him for secrets, scaring the crap out of him. America was determined to stop it as soon as possible.

Now, where would Russia hide Canada? America dismissed the notion that Russia took him back to Moscow or some other part of his land. They wouldn't make it past security at commercial airports, and America knew Russia didn't have any private planes to call on in Amsterdam. And there was no way Canada couldn't break himself out of a truck, unless Russia had iron chains stored somewhere.

America frowned. Maybe he did. Maybe Russia planned for this all along.

But major power or not, Russia wouldn't get in trouble with the United Nations, especially by leaving in the middle of a World Meeting and taking a nation with him unwillingly. Unless, of course, America didn't know him as well as he thought he did. Questions, questions.

It was a scary thought.

But no time for that. THE HERO CAN'T GET DISTRACTED! THAT'S RIGHT, OFF TO FIND CANADA!

America walked down the hallways, checking rooms, listening for Russia's maniacal chuckles or Canada's soft whispers. He didn't anything except for the sound of his own footsteps.

After a while, America realized he wasn't sure where he was. Or how much time had passed. He glanced at his wrist.

Crap. The Meeting was about to resume soon.

But after giving it a second of thought America decided to continue his mission. After all, Canada was far more important than some meeting! And he knew the password to America's Steam account!

Yes, finding Canada was the way to go.

Japan, after leaving the meeting room, headed for the place he knew Italy had likely wandered off to: the kitchen. Passing by a door of dark mahogany, he suddenly heard voices coming from inside the room.

It's just some humans.

"Oh hon hon hon~ This is more fun than I thought it would be." France?

"Ve? Prussia wants to see me too? I thought big brother France was the only one!"

Japan froze. Italy? *Prussia?*

The door flew open. There before him, was Italy. Completely naked, with a pile of blue and white clothes on a table. Holding Italy by the shoulder was Prussia, grinning. And of course, France, holding a rose to Italy's nose.

Japan squeaked. *This was a mistake-a mistake-a terrible mistake why did I ever agree to this Germany help-*

Unfortunately, France responded much faster than Japan, yanking him forward and shutting the door.

"Oh, hello Japan!" Italy waved. "I was just showing showing Prussia my underwear!"

Japan nodded mutely.

"Oh, it looks like Japan wants to do the same!" France grinned. Japan took a step towards the door, but France casually leaned against it and twirled his rose. Prussia took his hand off Italy.

Japan closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Mistake.

When he opened them, France's hands were already at his white military uniform, undoing the first button. Japan tried to swat them away, only to find his hands held back by Prussia.

"Ohh~ Japan, you want to join in?" Italy asked. Japan's eyes widened, but he knew no matter how much he tried to protest there was no getting out of it. He knew...

"Relax, Japan. It's international cooperation, remember?" France purred.

He knew because of *that*.

By then, his outer uniform was completely off. France then took off Japan's shirt. Prussia whistled appreciatively.

Japan whimpered. He really didn't want to be naked in front of three other nations, though he knew they wouldn't do anything...serious.

When they were done, Prussia still had Japan held by his shoulders while France admired his work. Italy was still obviously cheerful.

"Yay! My friends are all here! If Germany came, then it would be heaven!"

Japan hoped with all his heart Germany wouldn't discover them. This was-this was a nightmare. Maybe it was karma getting back at him, forcing him to atone for his sins...

Germany didn't discover them, but at that moment someone else threw open the door.

"DON'T WORRY CANADA! THE HERO HAS COME TO-" America broke off, blinking at the scene before him.

"A-America-kun!" Japan squeaked again. France was giving the North American nation a thoughtful look, while a slight scowl came over Prussia's face.

"Uh-wow." America blinked. "What's this...?"

"Hello America!" Italy chirped. "I was showing Prussia my underwear, and then Japan came along and we invited him. Do you want to join too?"

Instead of immediately leaving or looking flabbergasted like Japan expected, an interested look came over America's face. He stepped into the room, with his eyes on Japan.

Japan gulped.

"Wow-uh. You look...hot," America said finally. Japan choked, and surprised looks came over everyone else.

"Ve? I didn't know you were like that, America."

"My love senses are tingling~"

What was going on? He wasn't dreaming, was he? No, there was no way he could dream up something like this. Was this some quirk of culture he still didn't get?

"Dude, I'd totally invite you in, but I gotta save Canada. Some other time, okay?" America winked and dashed out the door before anyone could stop him. A disappointed look came over France.

Was-was this normal? Italy, France, and Prussia didn't seem fazed at all.

"You know what, France? I'm going to go find other nations." Prussia paused, and then smirked. "Imagine, if instead of just these two, we strip...*everyone*."

"Everyone?" France blinked, and smiled. "Why, of course! A brilliant idea. Of course, I'll do more."

"What? No one can beat the awesome me!"

"Well then, it's a race!"

"You're on!" Prussia paused, looked over Japan and Italy, and smiled. Taking a cigarette lighter out of his pocket, he then proceeded to burn all of Japan's clothes before anyone had the time to react.

"What-what is this!?" Japan desperately tried to save his uniform, but France held him back and a minute later there was a pile of ash on the floor.

Italy blinked when Prussia got to his uniform.

"Prussia? I like my uniform. It looks nice..." Prussia paused, and then put the lighter away. He cleared his throat, and, with an unabashed expression, said:

"Italy, today is National Naked Day."

What? Japan had never heard of such thing, and knew it was just something Prussia made up on the spot.

"You're supposed to be naked at World Meetings. Of course, me and France will be telling everyone."

Japan knew Italy, no matter now oblivious or carefree, would not believe him. But a rare smile-the kind Japan saw earlier on Prussia and France, was now also present on Italy.

Oh no, not you too!

"Okay!" Italy said. Was that a tone of anticipation? "You can take my clothes."

Japan wanted to cry. But the samurai in him held it together, and Japan managed to salvage a frozen expression that was borderline nervous and terrified.

"Kesesese! The awesome me shall leave everyone shivering in my wake!" Prussia exclaimed.

"What? Non, it will be me! *I am the master of this!*" France interjected. Prussia shook his head fiercely.

"What? I can never be beat at my own game!"

"It's *my* game!" France insisted. "I'm best at it!"

"You want to bet?"

"Yes!"

While they were arguing, Prussia had unconsciously let go of Japan's shoulder. Italy simply giggled and walked out the door. Just like that. Naked.

Japan inwardly wailed. What was Germany going to think of him now?

And what was he going to do, naked as well?

Eventually, Prussia and France left the room as well.

"Winner gets to top the loser!"

"You're on!"

Oh, everyone was doomed. The two didn't even seem to notice him.

Japan closed the door behind them and slid down to the floor, waiting for something, anything, to happen.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos are love. Comments are life. And tell me if you have a favourite section while you're at it! Favourite? Favorite? I've read too many British novels, damn it. Stop corrupting my amazing American English!

Right! I decided to take a break and write something new. Something less focused on history and more focused on...Hetalia. This is a project for me to experiment with the different point of views of some more characters. Plus, I love the concept of World Meetings.

The order of events mostly line up with how it's presented in the story, but keep in mind most overlap with the "section" above and below it, as I'm constantly switching P.O.V. Sorry if it's annoying to you.

This is something I've been working on for a while. So sorry, WICSA, but I promise I'll get back to you soon. I just need a break. I already have more than half written, as this was an intended one-shot that got too long. There's about 9000 words of this already, and probably at least 6000 more to go.

Historical notes-warning, sensitive topic ahead.

William refers to William the Conqueror, whose conquest of England brought a bunch of French words into the English language, and is the reason some people consider English a Romance language(language of Latin origin).

Meanwhile "atoning for his sins" is actually a reference to the...stuff Japanese soldiers would do to women in conquered areas during WW2. Specifically, rape. Most well known for happening in South Korea and China. Doesn't fit too well with the story if you know what it's about, so it's not very obvious, unless you're a history nerd like me. But it's just-I couldn't pass up the opportunity for another historical reference, even in such a roundabout way, alright!?

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Romano saw his brother running at him naked at full speed, he did what any sensible person would do.

He screamed. And then he kicked Italy. In the balls. It was a natural reaction!

"OW OW OW OW OW OWWWW GERMANY HELP MY BALLS ARE ON FIRE!!!!"
Italy shrieked, skidding across the floor on his butt.

"VENEZIANO WHY ARE YOU FUCKING NAKED!?" Romano yelled. "WHERE ARE YOUR CLOTHES!?"

Once Italy calmed down and the pain faded, Italy answered Romano's questions. His answers did not reassure Romano one bit.

"Well, Prussia wanted to see my underwear, so I stripped and showed it to him. Though he didn't look it for very long...but then he said today was a day where nations were supposed to go around naked!"

Romano consolidated himself in the fact that no humans were around. During lunch, Germany had managed to get them all out of the building in case things got out of hand.

It didn't make him feel any better.

"So I left with no clothes! Prussia has them. Oh, and Japan's naked too. France did that. They said they were going to tell all the other nations about it!"

Fuck fuck fuck they were screwed fuck fuck where was the potato bastard when he needed him FUCK FUCK!! Romano tried to keep everything in. Maybe go back to the meeting. Yes, that would be the most logical solution. As annoying Germany was, he wouldn't allow anything like that to happen in the vicinity.

"Oh hi Big Brother France! Over here!"

Shit.

"Hello, Romano..." France stepped forward, swishing his hips in that way Romano especially hated. "And Italy. How nice that I get to meet you again so soon...and with your charming brother as well."

"Fuck off, you pervert!" Romano shrieked.

"Aw...don't be like that, fratello. It'll be fun, you'll see!"

"IT WILL NOT BE FUN! VENEZIANO YOU FUCKING BASTARD HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME!?" Italy, *Italy*, was holding his arm so he couldn't escape. Romano knew his brother was physically stronger than he looked, but never had he imagined to this extent, and never, in all his fucking years of existence had he imagined that strength would be used against his own brother.

"Now, let's see what we have here..." France ran his hand along Romano's spine before starting to unbutton Romano's uniform.

"ITALY!!! I HATE YOU!!"

Prussia was stalking someone. No, it wasn't Canada! Why would you think that? It's not Austria either!

Though that would be a pretty good idea...

It was Latvia. Pushover Latvia. Prussia licked his lips. Easy prey.

Okay, he had to stop that.

"Hello, Latvia..."

Said nation jumped.

"Oh, Prussia! I-was-on-my-way-back-to-the-meeting-and-then-I-saw-Russia-and-someone-else-and-got-scared-and-ran-and-now-I'm-lost-" He sucked in a large breath. "Can you help me?"

Prussia smiled.

"Of course." Score one.

Latvia had stood no chance, really.

Hong Kong was having a perfectly fine, somewhat boring day when he saw a trail of smoke in the sky. Next to the building used to house the World Meeting.

While he himself was not invited, since China managed his foreign affairs, Hong Kong still tagged along because...he was preparing for the day he would be independent?

Pfft. That would never happened. If not China, than England would swoop back in. Or America.

But back to the smoke trail. Next to the burning pile was another person technically not allowed at World Meetings.

"Prussia? Like, what are you doing?" Hong Kong asked, mildly curious. Something green seemed to poke out of the fire, but was quickly consumed.

Prussia looked up, with a predatory gleam Hong Kong knew only too well. He shifted the hand in his pockets until he found what he was looking for.

"Oh Hong Kong, It's only been a short while, and I've already gotten so many. There's no way France can beat the awesome Prussia!" Prussia cackled menacingly. Hong Kong had never seen him like this before; then again, he doesn't know the Germanic that well.

"Like-gotten who? How?" Hong Kong asked, curious now.

"Oh, Italy, Latvia, Slovakia, Portugal, Cyprus—" Prussia paused. "Say, I think I'll add you to the list."

"How...?"

"I'm having a contest with that sucker France, you see!" Yes, he saw. The things those two could cook up together were almost as bad as England's food. Hong Kong tensed.

"We're racing to see who can strip the most nations!" With that, Prussia lunged forward. At the same time, Hong Kong whipped out a lighter from his left pocket and firecracker from his right. Setting off the firecracker, he threw it in Prussia's face and ran off.

Hong Kong thought fast as he tried to ignore the German swearing on his trail. The firecracker wouldn't keep Prussia occupied for long, and he only had one more in his pocket. The burning pile was probably the uniforms of the nations Prussia had...stripped.

The meeting should have just started; Prussia must have caught the nations on their way back. Hong Kong contemplated going there and warning everyone.

...

Screw it. As much as he hated the thought of getting stripped, the idea of Prussia and France doing it to everyone else was even more enticing. He just had to be careful.

"Hong Kong! You can't run from the awesome me forever!" Another hand suddenly grabbed out, almost tripping him. But Hong Kong was sure Prussia wasn't that close... What was happening?

Righting himself and ducking around the building, he came to the parking lot. Most nations had arrived by plane, but some European ones had driven their own cars.

And apparently, one of them had driven a motorcycle and been stupid enough to leave the key hanging.

Normally, in the Netherlands, so close to an important "international meeting", no humans would steal it. And most nations wouldn't take the chance if they didn't know who it belonged to—this motorcycle had no identifying marks.

Hong Kong jumped on and started it.

As he steered it out of the parking lot and onto the street, he looked back and heard Prussia yelling behind him. Someone else was also standing next to him, though Hong Kong couldn't make out who it was.

"HEY! Give me back my motorcycle!"

Looks like he hit the jackpot.

"Like, come get it yourself!" Hong Kong yelled back as he zoomed down the street.

How he wished he could have seen Prussia's face. Yes, this was gonna to be a great day.

Australia was having a fine day. 'Course, the meeting was just about to start and he still had no idea where he was, but that was just fine. It's not like those meetings mattered.

He was feeding his koala another eucalyptus leaf when he spotted something pale from the corner of his eyes. When he turned around, it gave a squeak and slid to the floor.

"Mate? What's this?" Australia stiffened when he realized it was a person. Who was also completely naked. He had his legs drawn up to-er, and he had a terrified expression on his face.

The person squinted.

"You're...one of England's former colonies?" He asked timidly, looking up. Very high up. A brief scowl came across Australia's face, remembering his cursed eyebrows, before disappearing.

"That's right. What's happened here-ah, where're your clothes?" Australia asked, torn between concern and amusement.

"I don't know! It was Prussia-Prussia did this!" He wailed. "What will my boss say if he hears of this? What about Czech?"

"Um-who are you 'gain?" Australia asked, now on edge. Prussia stripped him? Did he do anything else?

The nation quieted, sniffing.

"Slovakia. I'm Slovakia."

That was...somewhere in central Europe? Australia knelt down.

"Look-thanks for tellin' me." The Oceanic nation had to admit while this did seem funny at first, he felt pretty bad for him. Slovakia. Wherever he was.

"Go hide somewhere, alright? When this all blows over I'll come find you and get you somethin' to wear."

"R-really?"

"Sure, mate! Go block yourself in one of the empty rooms. Actually, use the one behind you."

Australia turned around. After hearing a door open and close, he loosened the blade tucked in his boot. His koala licked a gleaming claw.

He was really regretting not getting a map of this place.

Meanwhile, France was having a blast. Liechtenstein could tell.

Czech Republic was slumped against a wall, naked, and she herself was back against a corner.

Just a little while longer...

"F-France!" Liechtenstein said, keeping up her smile. "What's this about? You usually save these kinds of things for April Fools."

"Well, Prussia, that loser, just had to claim he was better at this than me. Impossible! How could he beat me, the nation of love!?"

Nation of love, alright, Liechtenstein thought with dry bitterness that belied her youth and innocence.

"So you're trying to prove you can strip more nations than him?" Liechtenstein asked.

"Of course!" France spun around, whipping out a rose dramatically. He was also naked, with another one of his signature roses covering his...vital region. "Oh, delicious Estonia, Romano, Thailand, Japan, and now you two!"

Liechtenstein internally shivered.

"Maybe you could try someone else?" she tried. "My brother won't be happy once he finds out."

France seemed to consider this for a moment. But to Liechtenstein's annoyance, he then shook his head.

"Non! If I am to do this competition, then I must go all out! No one can be spared in this art!"

He started going forward. Liechtenstein crouched down, slowly sliding her hand to her boot, where a small pistol was hidden. Almost disappointingly, she was spared having to shoot him when another bullet pierced France's head. The nation fell to the floor with a thud.

"Liechtenstein!" Switzerland burst through the door of the room, rifle at his shoulder.

"It's okay, big brother!" Liechtenstein beamed. "France didn't get to touch me before you showed up."

Switzerland relaxed slightly, before suddenly looking away when his eyes met Czech Republic's.

"Oh, Czech Republic wasn't so lucky..." Liechtenstein murmured. Said nation scowled.

"If he hadn't caught me off guard, I would have blown his brains out!" she fumed. "And I have no idea where he put my clothes!" Liechtenstein wished she had heard Czech's yells sooner; then she might have been able to stop France.

"Er-We'll find you some clothes." Switzerland mumbled.

"Of course," Liechtenstein nodded. "Just sit tight here, okay?"

Czech Republic didn't look very happy with the arrangement, but nodded and muttered her thanks. She gathered her legs tighter together and drew them up.

"Here." Switzerland tossed a machine gun to her side. "In case anyone tries to harass you." He handed another, pulled from seemingly thin air, to Liechtenstein. Then, he looked down on the floor, only to frown.

When Liechtenstein followed his gaze, she realized why.

France was gone. A bloodstained floor left in his wake, which trailed to the door. But the stain stopped before it actually reached it.

"Well, he is the master of running away," Czech sighed. Switzerland cracked opened the door, and then motioned Liechtenstein to follow him.

"France told me he and Prussia were racing to see who could strip more nations," Liechtenstein told her brother once they were in the hallway with the door closed. Switzerland scowled.

"Both of them have gone around stripping nations before, but never at the same time...in a competition..." Switzerland's grip on his rifle tightened. "Stay close. We'll go find something for Czech...and maybe shoot a few heads in the process."

Liechtenstein liked that idea very much. France was going to pay.

The first thing England noticed when the meeting resumed was that France wasn't anywhere to be seen.

The second thing he noticed was that America wasn't present either. And neither was Italy or Japan, who sat close to him.

Something else felt off too, though England couldn't quite put his finger on what. He rubbed his left temple, which only made the feeling worse.

"I think we're missing someone!" someone called. Germany banged his head on the table in what England could only assume was frustration.

"No shit. We're always missing people after lunch breaks," someone else called back. That was true. England himself had skipped out on the remainder of meetings before. Many nations were guilty of doing it at least a few times.

"No, I mean Canada isn't here. And he never skips out on meetings!" England now identified the speaking nation as a very distressed Cuba.

"Who?" was the collective answer from most.

"CANADA. HOW DO YOU PEOPLE KEEP FORGETTING HIM?" Cuba yelled back angrily. England guiltily thought of how he himself always mistook the nation for his annoying southern neighbor.

From now on, I promise to try and remember Canada. England vowed to himself. It made him feel a little better. But no less guilty.

After everyone remembered, Germany spoke up.

"I think there something might actually be wrong too. Japan isn't here, and neither is Italy and America. And I asked Japan to look for Italy for me during lunch break."

"I can go look for them," England volunteered eagerly. Canada and Japan, two sensible people whose company he could actually stand, unlike this meeting. Which he had to get away from, because there was something insistant nagging the back of his head...

Cuba stood up.

"I'm going with you!"

"Now wait, we can't just-"

Germany was cut off as England quickly strode to the door, and Cuba followed him. Once they were outside, Cuba slammed the door shut and pointed left.

"Quick, before Germany catches up with us," he hissed. England compiled, and they sprinted off.

Germany watched in horror as more and more nations stood up.

"I'm going to go look for Canada too!" Finland said enthusiastically.

"I'll bring England back," Belgium winked, reopening the door and rushing out. A stream of nations followed her.

"Wait! Stop! I FORBID THIS!!" Germany yelled. How-how could this happen? All his careful plans for the meeting, falling apart...

Finally, only a few nations remained. Greece was still sleeping in his chair, with a cat on his lap. Norway had his phone out, and was playing some sort of game. Egypt sat in his chair

reading a book. Various other nations who didn't leave all seemed to be doing something else; none of them seemed interested in the actual meeting that was supposed to be taking place.

The room was eerily silent.

Germany sat still for a long moment, taking it all in. Finally, he stood up.

A few disinterested heads swiveled his way.

"Fine," he began, his voice shaking. "If I'm going to try my best to keep order and make sure these meetings go smoothly and quickly as possible, and you're all going to just disregard all of it-" He took a deep breath. "then maybe I shouldn't be trying at all. Why should I waste my time with you lot when I can be doing much, much more productive things?"

Norway lifted his head.

"Germany," he began in his flat voice. "You do realize that's the train of thought that's been going through everyone else's heads from the very first meeting?" Germany opened his mouth to speak, but Norway cut him off. "These meetings are an unproductive waste of time, and everyone but you seems to realize it. There's no point actually discussing problems-so everyone else just went and found something they'd rather be doing. You're the only one who had any hope of things going along the way their supposed to."

Nods of agreement came from the various nations that had stayed behind. Even Greece managed an unconscious one.

Germany opened his mouth again, but nothing came out. He could come up with no reply. It felt like something was caught in his throat and he couldn't swallow or spit it back up. It was choking him slowly, and there was only one thing he could do.

Stiffly, he got out of his chair. Then, without a word, Germany walked silently to the already open exit.

The sound of a closing door boomed throughout the building.

Chapter End Notes

I hope Australia and Liechtenstein and Hong Kong and all the others weren't too OOC. I tried.

...

I'm not sure what else to put. Where are my historical notes? Oh wait, I don't have any...

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lithuania was starting to think leaving wasn't such a great idea.

First of all, he was lost. Utterly lost.

Second, he was running from France. Who had just tried to strip him.

"Come, Lithuania. Come join your brothers!" France called in a sickeningly sweet voice. Lithuania shuddered.

"I have no brothers!" he called back. It was true-why did everyone think he, Estonia, and Latvia were siblings!?

Turning around a corner, he was suddenly grabbed by a strong arm and yanked into a room.

"Careful. Those two can be tricky."

Turning around, Lithuania found himself face to face with two other nations.

One of them had what he could only describe as an evil-looking koala wrapped around his neck, with tousled brown hair and green eyes. Lithuania could piece together from the koala and thick eyebrows this was probably Australia.

The other nation was Poland, shivering and naked.

"Poland!" If it was any other nation Lithuania might have blushed, but he'd seen the crossdresser naked so many times it didn't seem to matter anymore.

"H-hi Liet." Poland muttered sullenly.

"What happened? Where are your clothes?"

"France happened," Australia said with an almost grim tone. Lithuania didn't know much about him, but he did know the nation was usually a lot more upbeat than this.

"France?"

"He and Prussia are apparently havin' a competition to see who can strip the most nations," Australia explained. "They've managed to do quite a bit of damage already."

"This, like, sucks," Poland grumbled. "France took my clothes and I been stuck here for the past 10 minutes."

"I need help. Maybe to stop these two, but mostly to find some clothes, an' I don't want to travel alone." Australia looked Lithuania in the eyes. "You willin' to help and fellow nation?"

Lithuania was not the heroic archetype. But he thought of Poland, of Latvia and Estonia, and then of his own terror when France nearly got his hands on him.

"Yes." He looked back. "Yes, I'm in."

Finland, of course, had no intention of finding Canada. And neither did most other people who left the meeting room.

"Alright! The Nordic Five is back in business!" he cheered, sloshing around the cup of coffee he had managed to snag.

"Norge isn't here," Denmark pointed out. "And neither is Icy."

"Well...The Nordic Three?" Finland tried.

"What are we doing anyway?" Sweden asked.

"Getting away from that sucky meeting, Sve! Anything's better than dealing with that!" Denmark was sipping a glass of beer. Finland had no idea where he managed to get that.

The three Nordics were sitting in the cafeteria, which strangely was not occupied by any other nations. Of course, they'd all just leave the building if they could, but stupid UN regulations...

"So we just hang around doing nothing?" Sweden asked uncertainly. Finland shrugged.

"Better than that meeting, I suppose." Finland yawned, only to snap back to attention when a dark shadow passed by the corner of his eye. Before he could say anything, Denmark coughed, spraying out a mouthful of beer.

"Watch it," Sweden grumbled, wiping a drop from his face.

"L-Latvia?" Denmark spluttered, ignoring Sweden. Finland turned to where Denmark was focusing his shocked expression.

It was Latvia, and he was completely naked. Finland couldn't blame Denmark for the reaction.

"H-hello," Latvia squeaked. Sweden shut his eyes.

"This isn't happening," Finland heard him mutter quietly. There was the faintest trace of a blush on his face.

"Latvia? Why are you naked?" Finland asked.

"P-Prussia."

"Prussia what?"

Latvia hesitated for a moment before swallowing.

"I'm a distraction!" he squeaked. Finland blinked, a feeling a dread settling in his chest.

"What do you mean?"

"Heh, I was hoping he wouldn't crack so soon, but this is good enough."

Finland spun around to see Prussia standing over Denmark, who was crumpled on the floor. Sweden had also fallen out of his seat-why hadn't Finland heard him?

"Prussia? What are you doing?" Finland twisted his hand, getting it ready to pull out a rifle and stuff the ex-nation's organs with bullets...

"NO!" Prussia lunged forward and knocked the air out of Finland's lungs. He felt a sharp sensation of pain as his head smashed into the floor.

What is going on?

"I'm not falling for that again," Prussia hissed. "Latvia, go secure the cafeteria. Make sure no one else can get in-I don't want any interruptions."

Interruptions for what? Finland thought groggily. What was Prussia planning?

"A pity your other two friends aren't here. I could have gotten five at once-a real leg up on France."

Finland got an answer once Prussia started taking off his shirt. He tried to protest, but found he couldn't speak. And Prussia had him pinned down securely. It must have something to do with the damned head injury. He could only watch, unsure and angry, as Prussia stripped him. Finland was definitely going to be hunting him down in the near future for this.

After Prussia was done, he tied Finland's hands and feet together with his own clothes, stuffing Finland's own shirt in his mouth for good measure. Finland tried to bite him, but Prussia merely pulled his hand away with a tisk. Then he went and did the same to Denmark and Sweden, who were both still unconscious.

Finland imagined blowing Prussia's hand into little bits with well placed bullets and feeding it to seagulls. Then, he would gouge out his eyeballs and fry them for the fishes. After that, he could slice Prussia's insides open, pour vodka inside until it spilled out, and then sew Prussia back up and toss his body inside a sauna and leave him there. Forever.

It made him feel a little better. It wasn't like Prussia didn't deserve it-he'd proven himself a complete bastard many times.

Latvia, the traitor, stood by and watched with an unreadable expression on his face. Finland was definitely going to have his revenge one him after this meeting too.

After Prussia was done, leaning back and chuckling at his work, he motioned for Latvia to come to his side.

"Have fun, you three," he snickered. Finland watched with narrowed eyes as the two closed the massive doors.

Oh yes, he was definitely going to be executing revenge.

Hong Kong was having the time of his life. Not only was he not bound by the restrictions of the World Meeting, free to explore Amsterdam on his new motorcycle(suck it, Prussia!), but he was also watching something he had no idea would interest him so much until now.

"Now now, I just got done with the rest of your group, so there's no point resisting!" Prussia was advancing on Iceland, backing him into a corner. Iceland appeared to have broken his leg, which explained why he didn't just shove a knife in Prussia and run away.

"Fuck off," Iceland snarled furiously. Hong Kong watched with amusement from atop the motorcycle. Prussia had Iceland cornered outside the building, and while no humans were in the area Hong Kong could easily hide among the trees planted around the building, poised for a quick getaway if necessary.

"Now don't be like that. Finland wasn't nearly so vulgar...then again, he was gagged and bound. Denmark and Sweden didn't protest much either, but they *were* unconscious." It was clear Prussia was saying those things just to instill fear in Iceland.

"What did you do!?" Iceland yelled. Prussia shrugged.

"Not much, all I did was—" he snapped his fingers. "Strip them. Oh, and Latvia is burning their military outfits."

Iceland made a cute, strangled noise and suddenly lunged out, shoving a long dagger into Prussia's heart. Hong Kong flinched in surprise, nearly falling off the motorcycle. Prussia hissed and twisted, but the blade still caught his body, drawing a large spurt of blood.

Angry German cursing occurred, followed by Iceland trying to make a run for it. Hong Kong tense, almost disappointed, but then Prussia swung his arm and caught Iceland's foot. At that moment Latvia also appeared, and was, unsurprisingly, naked.

"Mr. Prussia, I've burned all the uniforms!" He skidded to a halt at the scene before him.

"Latvia, good, now make sure this rascal doesn't get away. He's gonna pay for this," Prussia wheezed. The blade must have gone nearly straight in, but Prussia, Hong Kong knew, was a nation who had endured a lot throughout history and would quickly recover.

Latvia held Iceland down. The Nordic nation struggled, but Hong Kong was surprised at how strong Latvia was. Definitely a lot stronger than Iceland, and unusual for a nation with such a relatively small population and economy.

"You'll pay for this. All of you," Iceland hissed. He had given up the struggle now, and Hong Kong could see he felt uncomfortable being so close to a naked person.

Oh, you'll be the same soon enough, Hong Kong thought,

Sure enough, Prussia woke, and began doing his work. Iceland stubbornly refused to make a single sound. His face remained emotionless, and his eyes glinted with silent defiance. Not that it did him much good.

Hong Kong found it all very attracting. Better not let Norway know. He fidgeted on the motorcycle.

"Kesesese...all done!" Prussia, this time, had Iceland's hands bound to a tree close by. He swept up Iceland's clothes and passed them to Latvia. Hong Kong could see a spark of fear in Iceland's eyes, and couldn't blame him. After all, outside the building there weren't room to hide in, and bound like that anyone could see him. Hong Kong would have to thank Prussia, first the motorcycle and now this.

Iceland still refused to say anything, though his right eye was twitching.

"Not so confident how, huh?" Prussia laughed and headed back to the entrance of the building. "Latvia, let's get going."

"Y-Yes, Mr. Prussia!" Latvia scurried after him.

Once Hong Kong was sure no one else was there, He got off the motorcycle and walked over to Iceland.

"Hong Kong?" Iceland looked up, remembered his situation, blushed, and looked back down. Hong Kong snickered.

"It's not funny! Get me out of this!" Iceland snapped.

"No can do. Honestly, you look quite fetching like this."

"W-What the fuck?!" Hong Kong bent down and held up Iceland's chin.

"You're really do look attractive. How can I deny potential onlookers this scene?" Hong Kong asked, grinning. "Prussia has really nice taste, don't you say?" It was true-Iceland really did cut an attractive figure. Hong Kong wouldn't mind getting a lot closer and personal, but he was probably pushing it a little already. He didn't feel like dying a thousand times via strange and unpredictable magic just yet.

Iceland merely spluttered and shot him a dark look before slumping back. Hong Kong gave him one last long, regretful look and headed back to his motorcycle. He did have to find China and make sure he wasn't stripped, after all. Didn't want to miss their flight and get stuck in Amsterdam.

And he had to secure a way to get this motorcycle back to his land. No way was he giving it back to Prussia.

As he walked around the building, unable to leave but also unable to bring himself to go back to the meeting room, Germany was starting to think leaving the room wasn't such a great idea after all.

In that fit of anger he had done something he would normally never do-abandon his responsibility.

Germany stopped his anxious pacing, dread settling in his stomach. What was his boss going to say now? What would the United Nations do? It was his job to keep the World Meetings going smoothly after all, and he had just *walked out*.

However, a certain...*noise* made sure he didn't have to think about it anymore.

"This is so much fun. Don't you agree, Italy?"

"Ve~ Of course!"

"Italy!?" Germany ran around the corner of the hall to where he had heard voices. He immediately regretted it.

It was Italy alright, *completely naked*, along with France. Who was also completely naked, with his signature rose around his private parts. Italy, unfortunately, had no such thing.

"Italy! Why are you naked!?" Germany asked in shock. Said nation was also skipping happily around France. Germany's face got warmer.

Italy turn his head.

"Hello, Germany!" he chirped. "Prussia and France are telling nations they should be naked today. I suppose we'll have to tell you too!" Something in his voice made him seem different than the Italy Germany usually knew...or maybe he was always this way and Germany never realized past his bubbly exterior?

"E-I-" Germany didn't know what to say. But France, at that moment, pinned him down and Italy reached forward to help.

"It'll only take a few moments, Germany," Italy said cheerfully. His face showed no malice or perversion, but a small part of Germany's mind reminded him that he had sent Japan after Italy, and began constructing an unfortunately plausible reason on why Japan might not have come back.

"I-Italy!" Germany struggled, but the combined force of two nations proved too much. It didn't take him long to figure out what France was doing-stripping him. Of course, he's heard of France doing it before, but-but-Germany's mind went blank at that train of thought.

Thing isn't happening This isn't happening This isn't happening...

"Mon cher, don't fret. Italy's here, and I'm sure you'll get some enjoyment from that thought," France teased.

"Unhand me, you pervert!" Was the response Germany blurted out.

"Now now, Germany, don't be like that," Italy smiled. "You'll have a good time, I'm sure!"

Germany could only splutter at Italy's betrayal.

Netherlands was in the hallway of the building, *his* building, alongside his sister Belgium.

And both of them were naked. France's doing. He'd seen blushing, pale Romano duck by, an infuriated Vietnam, and Sweden and Denmark being dragged along by a Finland whose face was twisted with an indescribable desire for revenge.

Netherlands could sympathize. Normally, he'd be embarrassed. But since it seemed more nations were naked than not, it didn't feel nearly so bad.

Besides, he had nothing to be ashamed of, unlike some people...

"So...what are we going to do?" Belgium asked after a while. Netherlands took out a cigarette from seemingly nowhere, made more strange by the fact that he had no clothes on.

"Wait till the meeting ends. Find some clothes. Punish France."

"Sounds good!" The two had just been wandering around the building with no direction or destination in mind, so they saw a lot more of what was happening than other nations.

Of course, there would be other nations doing the same. These next two were not quite what Netherlands expected, however...

"Fuck off," Belarus hissed. Ukraine put her hand on her sister's shoulder in what Netherlands could only assume was a comforting gesture.

And of course, both were naked. Netherlands couldn't judge this time.

"I'm so sorry about this," Ukraine said, blushing. A faint bouncing sound was heard by all four of them, but no one acknowledged it. Belgium laughed.

"Don't be! Can't you see naked is the new normal?" She smiled, and Ukraine began to look less apprehensive. Belgium had a way of cheering others up.

"Just leave us alone! Unless one of you have big brother..." Belarus fingered a knife she still had on her. Netherlands' own fingers curled around the place where his coat pocket usually was, hiding a gun.

"We haven't seen Russia all day," Belgium replied. Netherlands found it quite strange. Usually, Russia couldn't wait to cause some sort of chaos at these meetings.

Everyone turned their heads to a window when a faint, but evidently loud yell suddenly sounded from outside the building. Rushing over, along with Belgium, Ukraine, and Belarus, they crowded to see what was going on.

Belarus sucked in a deep breath, and whatever Netherlands was expecting, it certainly wasn't...this.

"Oh dear," Ukraine said finally. There was a particularly torn expression in her eyes.

Her words summed up the situation pretty well.

Prussia was having a great time. Four out the five Nordics down! That group always seemed like they were so above everyone else-it felt awesome to finally rip that away.

But four out of five wasn't good enough. The awesome Prussia does things all the way. Where was Norway?

"Latvia, go find where Norway is," Prussia said. Latvia started.

"A-actually, he's still in the meeting room. WIth a few other nations who never left."

Huh. Prussia knew something happened, causing everyone to just leave the room-which was great for him. But a few actually stayed behind? This was another great opportunity to get a leg up on France!

"Well then, let's get going!" They encountered no one on their way, to Prussia's disappointment.

"Hello, suckers!" Prussia kicked open the door. Indeed, there were about 10 nations, all doing various activities. None of them paid him any mind, which was unusual and annoying.

"The awesome Prussia had come to conquer you all!" he yelled. Again, no reaction. What was going on? NOTICE HIM, Dammit!

"Well fine," Prussia grumble. He stalked over to Greece, and was just about to yank off a jacket when the sleeping Mediterranean nation rolled out of his chair and onto the other side of the floor.

Prussia growled and tried again, but when he reached out he felt nothing. Greece seemed to have just disappeared.

Looking around, he spotted Egypt. Running over, he was about to yank off the weird hat when Egypt stood up, still reading his book, and walked over to another chair. Prussia sucked in a deep breath.

"Latvia! Restrain one of them!" He ordered. Latvia poked out a nervous head from the entrance of the room and scuttered in.

"There's Norway over there. Do you want to do him?" Latvia asked. Prussia turned his head and spotted the final Nordic nation sitting his his chair, swiping idly at his phone.

Right, that was the nation he had come here for in the first place.

Prussia stalked over, with Latvia shadowing him. Norway seemed to not be paying any attention to his surroundings whatsoever, completely lost in whatever game he was playing.

Prussia chuckled. He would pay for that inattention.

He reached out and firmly grabbed Norway's arms, pulling him out of his chair and knocking away the phone in the process. Norway completely froze in shock.

Just as he was about to rip off the outer coat (finally, all the Nordics were in his grasp), the room temperature seemed to drop. By a lot.

It was colder than the coldest winter Prussia had ever experienced, like someone had encased him in a giant ice cube and left him in the middle of a raging blizzard in Siberia.

Prussia dropped Norway, in shock, and everyone else appeared unable to move as well. He could see Latvia frozen mid step, the icy, unnatural cold being the only thing keeping him from falling.

To late, Prussia realized Norway had in fact been aware of the situation all along, from the knowing and disdainful glance he was given. But something didn't add up...

Norway picked up his phone and slowly stood up, back facing Prussia. Then he turned around, but Prussia could only see a brief, twisting movement before his entire vision was enveloped in white. Fast, blurry, cutting white and silver, and he was dimly aware of his head smashing against a chair before slamming onto the floor. Prussia's entire body was numb, and he couldn't even seem to gather his normal thoughts anymore. His mind was numb too.

Just before darkness enveloped him, the only thing Prussia sensed was faint, echoing footsteps, getting farther and farther away.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, that was magic. It exists in Hetalia canon, so no reason why I shouldn't abuse it!

Anyway, another chapter! Chapter four is like 1/3 the way done. Might take a little longer to come out due to all the tests and assignments I've been having lately.

Edit: Oh yeah, and for some reason everytime the word motorcycle came up it was was spelled motocycle. I fixed that. No idea how that happened, but I swear I knew how to spell it.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Japan wasn't sure how much time had passed since Prussia, France, and Italy had left. Occasional footsteps rang out from behind the door, but due to his unfortunate situation he had been too embarrassed to leave. What if it was Germany, or America, or China, or someone else whom he'd very much not like to see him naked?

But after a long, long stretch of time Japan couldn't take it anymore. He had to do something. Wasn't that what Germany always said? To be more proactive? Or was that America?

He shook his head. This must be what being locked in here was doing to him. Making him more forgetful...that something he saw in a magazine one time, right?

Anyways, he couldn't stay here forever. What if no one found him? And what would he do if they did?

Japan slowly unlocked the door and creaked it open, peaking outside.

No one. There was no one in the halls.

Suddenly, pairs of thundering footsteps rang throughout the hallway, and Japan had just enough restraint to not slam the door shut but instead close it quietly and strain his ears against the wood.

A female voice said something too quiet for Japan to make out.

"Maybe..." Was that Netherlands? Yes, it was. He'd know that voice anywhere.

"Oh, should we help him!?" That sounded like...Belgium. Help who? What were they looking at?

"...not enjoy cleaning that up..." Another voice, this time cold and sharp, reached Japan's ears.

Gulping, Japan pushed the door open a crack again and peered outside. Four nations were gathered around a window across the hall, slightly to his left, but Japan could tell all four were naked.

"Imagine, if instead of just these two, we strip...everyone."

Oh.

"Well then, it's a race!"

Oh.

"You're on!"

Japan was starting to see what was going on. Did-did those two actually race to see how many nations they could strip? Who else had been affected? Perhaps he wouldn't look so out of place?

Nonetheless, he realized the four were focused completely on whatever was outside the window. Maybe if he could...

Japan pushed the door open a bit more, looking both ways. Besides the other four nations, no one else was around. At least, he hoped.

"I wonder if any will get on the streets..." he heard Ukraine mutter. He didn't stick around for the rest of the conversation. As soon as the doorway was wide enough for him to get through, Japan bolted.

It was only until he was running did he realize he hadn't thought of where to go. In his embarrassment, uncertainty, and panic, he had completely forgotten to plan ahead.

Japan cursed quietly and slowed down. It was then he realized he was at the door—the entrance door to the building. There was no one around. And when he carefully peered out the window next to the door, he saw no one as well.

He fidgeted. The rules said they couldn't leave the site of the meeting place until the meeting time was over, but the parking lot did count, right? Did it?

Then he saw Vietnam race across it, hair flowing. And she was also naked. Within moments, she had disappeared from his sight.

Ah...sure. It counted.

When Japan got out of the building, the first thing he did was duck behind the ring of conveniently planted bushes that surrounded the building. The ground between the wall and bushes was mulchy, but Japan didn't mind as long as it hid him from others. Maybe after the scheduled meeting time was over, he could ask someone to bring him some clothes, while his naked body was shielded, at least somewhat.

It was the best he could come up with.

Japan was distracted from his thoughts by a loud growl, which came from another side of the building, followed by a shout. Half crawling and walk walking, trying to keep his body low, he awkwardly made his way towards the noise. A small part of him knew this was probably a bad idea, but he pushed it away. Someone might need help, and even if he was naked and weaponless, he would at least try!

...

He sounded like America playing hero. Japan wondered if he was spending too much time with him like South Korea said.

Just then, a rustling noise came from behind him, and then, almost as if thinking had summoned him, South Korea landed on his back.

This time, Japan actually shrieked. It was quickly cut off by South Korea's arm(unclothed, Japan thought with horror).

"Geez! Japan, you don't want everyone to know we're here, do you?"

Japan turned around, which only confirmed his suspicions. South Korea was naked as well.

"Well?" South Korea prompted.

"Y-Y-You..." Japan faltered, unable to come up with something to say.

"I know! My body's amazing, right?!" Just for a tiny second, behind the glee and cheerfulness, a tiny spark of anger and fear blinked in South Korea's eyes. Japan decided to pretend he didn't see it. South Korea did likewise.

"What are you doing here? What happened?" Japan asked in the calmest voice he could manage, which was still trembling.

"I'm joining you on your adventure, of course!" South Korea replied with a bright smile.

Japan took a deep, shuddering breath and tried again.

"What happened to your clothes?"

"Oh, Prussia took them. Did he do that to you too?"

Japan winced.

"He and France..."

"Oh well." South Korea paused. "What are we doing next?" He suddenly asked. "What sort of secret spy mission are you on?"

"W-what?"

"Oh come on! I know all your secrets, so no use hiding from South Korea! Spy missions originated in Korea, you know?"

"Er-yeah..." A banging sound had started, and was gradually getting louder. Trying to ignore South Korea's quiet chatter behind him, Japan continued to crawl forward, fighting hard to keep his face from turning scarlet.

Prussia's mind was fuzzy and numb, like someone had smoothed a layer of frost and snow over it. He couldn't feel any part of his body.

Suddenly, his world shattered.

Prussia blinked opened his eyes, flinging tiny drops of water, and looked up to see Latvia standing above him.

"Mr.Prussia? Are you alright?" Prussia coughed and stood up weakly.

"Wha-what happened?" he demanded once he got his bearings. "Norway? Greece?"

"Both gone. Everyone's gone. We're the last ones to wake up..." Latvia wimpered. Prussia cursed. He'd missed his chance!

"Give me a second, Latvia. We're *not* letting that icy bastard get away. How *dare* he use *magic* on me?" Prussia hissed, slowly massaging his knees. Droplets of water ran off his hair and congregated into puddles on the floor.

"T-that was magic?" A nervous look came over Latvia.

"I've seen England use it enough times to recognize it. Cowardly, evil art it is. Goes against the natural order of everything," Prussia scowled. "Don't you dare skip out because of this, Latvia. You're not done until I am."

Latvia sighed and nodded his head.

Moldova hummed softly as he skipped down the halls, extremely glad the meeting was over. Even if they were still stuck in this building. He had encountered a few nations while roaming, most of which were naked and jittery whenever he was in sight. Of course, he'd learned all about what was going on.

Being observant was a skill he's always had.

"Well, look what we have here! Not Norway, but you'll do to make up for that unawesome blunder."

Of course, being observant meant nothing if one couldn't actually make use of the information. But Moldova's had plenty of practice in that department also.

Moldova easily dodged Prussia grab and hopped back. He fended off Latvia's attempts with a knife that had suddenly popped into his small hand and ran off, mind racing. Of course, he knew exactly what to do.

"Catch him!" Prussia yelled. Moldova wasn't too worried, but he increased in speed just a bit. 50 meters left to go.

"I-" Latvia stumbled back as Moldova shoved his knife into Latvia's eye. It would be nasty to pull out and painful to heal, but it was neccesary. As a former resident of Russia's house, Latvia would understand that philosophy.

"For a little kid you're quite ruthless," Prussia hissed behind him, gaining speed.

Moldova turned a corner and skidded to a halt behind a red longcoat, gleaming machine gun, and smiling Romania.

Prussia's forehead slammed straight into the barrel of the gun.

"Why hello, Prussia. Fancy seeing you here at a World Meeting," Romania said in a cheerful voice. "So happy you're here! I've missed your antics so much..." There seemed to be no trace of menace or anger, but Moldova knew it was there.

"J-ja. I mean, nice to see you too," Prussia grumbled, eyeing the machine gun, no doubt unable to decide whether Romania was serious or not.

For a tense few moments, it seems as though no one was sure what to do.

Moldova knew better. His observation skills were exceptional, and his time at Russia's house had refined one in particular.

The ability to pick up signs. Signs about someone. About when they were going to snap.

Romania and Prussia were both filled with them. They knew exactly what they wanted to do.

Romania attacked first. He threw the machine gun aside and extended a hand. Prussia was knocked backwards, but quickly recovered.

"How dare you-" he lunged forward and pinned Romania to the wall.

"Can't do close combat, can you?" Prussia snickered. "Always hiding behind that magic of yours. You'll pay for that, you and Norway..."

Romania's expression was completely neutral. Moldova edged left.

"Well then, since you're too scared to say anything, I'll just-"

He never got to finish, for at that moment Moldova pulled the trigger of the machine gun and fired. Bullets slammed through Prussia's body, leaving him a bleeding mess on the floor, like water trickling out of a balloon that had been pricked with needles.

Romania gave his head a distainful kick with his boot before turning to Moldova.

"We don't need to bother with Latvia," he said, seeing the question at his lips. "In fact, I had been planning on staying out of their way altogether. Come on." He started to walk away.

Moldova nodded, quickly catching up. "You have something then? What about France and Italy?"

Romania smiled, pulling out his phone and bringing up a map of the building.

"I have a GPS tracker on Prussia and France," he explained. "So I know they're whereabouts. I can also pull up every camera in the building."

"You put the cameras here?" Moldova asked, surprised. No wonder they were so well hidden-it had taken much longer than he would have liked to spot them, ever more grating because of the fact that he had been activly searching.

"Me and Estonia. We put up cameras at every World Meeting location, additional ones if there already are some, and connect it to our phones." Romania explained. "And since Estonia is currently...incapacitated, I'm the only one who can acesss them. It's been very useful." he paused. "No wait, I forgot I also give Norway access as well. But not England, not quite sure whether or not I can trust him with something like this."

Moldova peered at the screen, watching two tiny dots. One was an unmoving Prussia, and the other France, close to the cafeteria.

"Let's see some action from the sidelines, Moldova," Romania grinned, stuffing his phone back into his pocket. Moldova followed, and together they made a turn into another hallway, long out of sight by the time Prussia had recovered.

England was not happy. Of course, he rarely every was, but this time was different. This time, there was a fucking frog trying to strip him while a splitting headache was vibrating his head.

This was a whole new level of annoying.

"Angleterre, don't try to resist me~" France, unshamfully naked, was having a most difficult time restraining him. Cuba had run off a long time ago. England didn't blame him.

What made the situation even worse was that there were not one, but *two* of France's former...charges naked in the room also. Monaco looked *very* busy braiding her hair, while Seychelles had her eyes closed and was whistling a catchy, carefree tune.

France did not seem to notice them. His eyes were completely focused on England's disheveled face.

England levitated a chair in front of him threateningly.

"Come any closer, frog, and I'll have your ugly face running with blood," he snapped.

France smiled infuriatingly and and picked up his pace while simultainously grabbing a leg of the chair and flinging it aside.

"Is that the best you can do, Angleterre?"

England tried use his magic again, but he kept losing focus and this buzz wasn't helping...

Oh fucking God the frog was next to him, he was pressing against him, his chest suddenly felt cold and his vision was black. England blinked rapidly but realized he couldn't move much else.

For a long, agonizing stretch of time England was forced to keep still, until suddenly it felt like a pressing weight had been lifted off him. France was leaning back, smiling, and one

quick glance confirmed that England was indeed now naked.

He couldn't believe this.

"Oh, what a lovely sight. Of course, I couldn't expect too much of you, but this'll do nicely~" France smiled suggestively. England wanted to rip out that silky hair and throttle the damned personification to death. But no matter how hard England tried, he couldn't move his legs.

He didn't have to worry much longer though, because just as France was adjusting a petal on his rose something flat and metallic slammed into his face.

"Hungary!" Seychelles gasped. Monaco looked up, her expression still bored. England had almost forgotten they were there in the first place.

And indeed it was Hungary with a smug expression of her face, standing over France with her signature frying pan. Her hair was frazzled and there was a pained yet triumphant look on her face that England wasn't sure what to make of.

"Hello, England!" Hungary smiled. "How are you feeling?" She paused, and put away her frying pan. "Wait, don't answer that. I know how you're feeling." She then turned to Seychelles and Monaco. "You two should come with me, no one's outside. Maybe Liechtenstein's come across something by now." Hungary added that last part almost to herself. A small blush came across Seychelles face as she nodded. Monaco shrugged and continued fiddling around with her hair while getting up.

"Um, hello..." England tried to say something, but found that he couldn't get more than the two words out.

Hungary turned to him, and a small giggle escaped the corner of her mouth.

"Oh England, you poor soul. Do you know where we are?"

England frowned and looked around with his oddly blurred vision. A thought was nagging at the back of his head, the same one that he had first started the morning with.

"I think...meeting room." England frowned. How did he get back here? And then something else crossing his mind. "Something happened...yesterday?" he mumbled. Hungary beamed, dragging something onto the table.

"Why yes! So glad it didn't go over your head...which shouldn't be a very nice one to have as of now. But at least you weren't in Russia's shoes! Or Cuba's, for that matter..."

Russia? Oh, yes. There had been a pub in...York? Or Manchester? Liverpool? And there was Russia...and...maybe Cuba...

England couldn't come up with anything else. The pain in his head was distracting, almost unbearable. Almost.

"Well, have fun in the meeting room! I expect you'll be here for a while... Come on, Sey, Monaco..."

England was on the meeting table. That's right, France had stripped him while holding him down. And the frog was slumped next to him. Wait, what...?

In the dim corners of his barely conscious mind he heard two doors click, closing once again.

Germany, after pacing around for an arduously long amount of time, finally accepted he couldn't hide in this room forever. Of course, the first person he ran into when he stepped out in his naked body was Romano.

"What is it, potato bastard?" he snarled upon seeing him, face twisted in an even more contemptuous expression. Germany, flinching, immediately noticed he was also naked.

"I have just as much power as you here," Germany sighed. Romano's mouth curled into a sneer.

"What? Veneziano turned on you too? Boo hoo, you're so deserving of all our pity. SUCK IT UP, VENEZIANO'S A BASTARD AND YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT HIM!"
Romano suddenly burst into tears and ran past him, nearly tripping Germany in the process.

What the... Did-Did Italy also have something to do with Romano being naked? Surprisingly, the thought didn't bother Germany as much as he thought it would.

A few moments later, new footsteps alerted Germany to the presence of another nation. Turning around, he saw Luxembourg skidding to a halt as he reached him.

"Oh hello, Germany. I've been wondering where you've been," Luxembourg said. He was naked as well, and this time Germany managed not to show anything other than a grimace at the fact.

"What is happening, Luxembourg?" Germany asked.

"Well..." Luxembourg's face twisted into a sardonically thoughtful expression. "Let's see. At least half the nations are naked. France and Prussia are racing to see who can strip the most nations. Switzerland, our primary order-enforcer besides you, can't be found anywhere. You and me are naked. There's a someone hiding in almost every spare room in the building. Australia and Lithuania of all nations have teamed up to do who knows what, but it can't be good. AND DID I MENTION WE'RE ALL NAKED!?"

Germany flinched again and stared into Luxembourg's accusing eyes, taken aback by the uncharacteristic outburst.

"Do you know the stares I've had to endure. The humiliation?" the small nation stamped his feet in anger, and then let out a deep breath. "Just...please do something..."

"I-I'm sorry," Germany muttered, regretting his rash actions at the meeting room more than ever. If only he'd kept England and Cuba from leaving, this wouldn't have happened. "I-I suppose I'll have to go apprehend those two."

"Well then, I'm joining you, Germany!" Germany stiffened as Italy came bounding from out of nowhere and hugged him tightly, which was much more uncomfortable than usual due to the fact that their naked skin was in contact. Luxembourg's eyes widened and he took a hesitant step back.

"Ve? What's wrong?" Italy asked upon seeing him. *Everything*, Germany thought gloomily. After Italy and France had stripped him they had just ran off, leaving Germany to do what apparently everyone else has been doing and locking himself in a room. He was still unsure of what he felt about Italy's betr-actions...

"N-nothing. I'm just going to find France and Prussia," Germany said, watching Luxembourg loose his nerve and flee down the hall. Did Italy help France with the stripping of other nations too? Japan, perhaps?

"Oh, to stop them from stripping nations? You can't do that." Italy replied, face still cheerful as he slackened his grip. Germany tensed. "Oh don't worry, Germany, I just want to hang around you now. But do you really think you can overcome either of those two while they're like this?" Italy giggled and rached up to pat Germany on the head.

"W-what do you mean?"

"Just that you should try to sort out something else. Like that mess in the side parking lot outside. It's very funny, and if we hurry we can still get a good view." Italy clutched his hand and headed off, dragging a spluttering, confused, and extremely embarrassed Germany behing him.

"How many will we need?"

"From what Luxembourg told me, *a lot*, big brother. And he was so cute blushing like..."

"Hmpf. They'd better pay us back for all this. Or else."

"Heh...of course they will. Ooh, get those dresses! I like those!"

"How much are they?"

"Not that much. Get a lot of them. They're paying us back, remember?"

"I suppose...are you sure about this? There's an awful lot of lace on these..."

"Exactly... imagine how cute they'll be! Hungary will owe me big time!"

"What?"

"Oh nothing..."

"Are you sure about this...?"

"Of course I am! Don't worry, let's just say we'll be making a hefty profit out of this."

"Well, I guess nothing's wrong with that. Er-did you see my wallet?"

"Right here, big brother!"

"So, twenty five of them, along with everything else?"

"Yup!

"Alright then."

"Thank you so much, big brother!"

The door opened, letting light into a dark room. The ray of light beamed onto two bound figures, slumped unceremoniously against the wall.

"Holding up quite well, aren't we?" Prussia grinned, stepping into the room. A pair of eyes examined him, finding several holes in his shirt and traces of...frostbite? Blood splatters were also illuminated by the light behind him.

"Well well, not up for talking? Because I am. Your Royal Awesomeness here just ran into a spot of trouble with someone you might know." The edges of his mouth curved down. "When I'm done, things aren't gonna be good for either of you. No one to hide behind anymore."

A small feeling of panic was quickly quashed. Stay calm, don't show any movement, wait until Prussia is gone. Nearby, a faint, rattled breath sounded. Prussia's head turned.

"I've waited so long. Something for the world to remember my awesomeness by. *You*, of course, would be one of my pawns eventually! Which is pretty unlucky for your tag-along, I hadn't mean to do that, but you know the rule about witnesses!" Slightly strained voice. Not a gram of arrogance lost though.

"Ah well, just checking up on you two. Don't worry, you'll be let out eventually. Later, losers!" With that, a door slammed shut once again.

Chapter End Notes

Any guesses as to who's p.o.v. it is at the last part? Not someone who's been shown yet. There was hint, but process of elimination will go long way here. I doubt anyone will get it, but you never know...

First of all, Prussia's hatred of magic. More specifically, the type of magic magical nations like Norway, England, and Romania use.

Like it or not, he's a Christian who grew up in Medieval Europe, first representing the Teutonic Knights. He would feel that way towards this magic. We see him forcing

Lithuania to convert and praying to God to forgive his sins. It's not something someone like Prussia would let go of, even in the modern age, especially if England used it against him several times throughout history. Which is pretty likely to me. People who think someone used magic with the intent to harm others is usually doesn't go well for the accused(pretty much anythings goes in this catagory, people can go to big lengths to get rid of someone). Norway's use definetely fits that description. Headcannon: Because of this, and Prussia's militaristic nature, he also sees magic as a very cowardly and dishonorable way of fighting.

For those of you who don't know, Moldova does exist, and he established himself as an interesting character to me almost immediatly. He appears as a child, about 5-7 years old from what I can tell, wearing patched up clothing, and is Romania's little brother. He did stay at Russia's house along with the other Soviet Satallites, since Moldova was a country that was made part of the Soviet Union. Russia forced him to call him "Big Brother", and while Moldova is shown to be pretty terrified, with a speech pattern that sort of reminds me of Latvia, he actually seems to be pretty good at not getting on Russia's nerves. By the end of the whole Soviet Union thing he's grown used to calling Russia big brother, something Romania is not happy about. I think, despite his appearance, he's also a nation who's seen some shit. Actually, I think that's the main divide between micronations and actual nations, and not the appearance thing, though there'll be exceptions. Since he's not shown much, I took some liberties with his character.

The tune Seychelles was whistling is definetely Seychelles Here Vacation Island. I love it like I love most of the Hetalia character songs. They're all so damn good. This one's definetely higher on the list.

I think this turned out better than chapter three? Out of all the chapters so far I think I like this one the best.

Anyway for anyone following my other current multi-chapter Hetalia fic, WICSA(That's the abbreviation I've been using in my head), the next update will be to that.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Norway shoved his phone back into his pocket and picked up his pace, until he was running down the halls.

He reached the doors and swiftly stode across the front of the building, turning towards the line of trees to the left.

A few moments later, he saw them.

Iceland blushing as he sat against the building, his face a fiery shade of red, covered by a large green jacket. Turkey paced next to him, a frown on his face.

"Who was it?" Norway demanded as soon as he was within hearing rage. They both look up as his footsteps brought him closer.

"What do you mean?" Turkey blinked.

"Not you. Little brother." Norway knelt down next to Iceland, who bit his lip in embarrassment. "Prussia or France?"

"Prussia," Iceland mumbled.

"What's happening?" Turkey asked. "That bastard Greece mentioned Prussia but nodded off before he told me anything."

"Prussia and France are trying to strip everyone," Norway replied, opening his phone again. Turkey raised an eyebrow.

"That doesn't sound very nice. Haven't seen either of them yet."

"Then you have very good luck today," Norway said.

"Um, excuse me, I have a problem here," Iceland interrupted, the color on his face now a bright pink.

"That should be fixed soon," Norway promised. "Switzerland and Liechtenstein are on their way. If they try anything funny just remind them of me, alright?"

Turkey blinked, confused, but Iceland nodded and relaxed.

Now, for the other three. Norway left the two and headed for the other side of the building.

Norway wasn't sure exactly what prompted a repeat of April Fool's, now with two annoying idiots instead of one, but he was going to make sure they pay. The cameras had been

extremely helpful, but Prussia would be starting to defrost by now and he still had to hold out until Germany got his bearings together,

From the corner of his vision he could just see the outline of a large truck, back open, with several barrels inside.

The growl of a polar bear confirmed his suspicions.

America was still trying to rescue Canada from the communist(because Russia will always be an evil commie no matter what economic state the actual country is in and you can't convince him otherwise).

Ironically, another one was with him.

"Aiyah, it's been so long. How have we not seen those two yet?" China grumbled. America had run into him a while after his encounter with Japan(which still left him internally shaking), looking for Russia.

"I dunno. Don't you commies have each other's phone numbers?" America asked. China widened his eyes.

"What? NO! Why would I want Russia leaving me creepy messages every other hour!?" he groaned. "It's bad enough already with the panda costumes."

China suddenly paused, as though a thought struck him. America watched him intently.

"Don't *you* have *Canada's* phone number?" China asked.

America blinked. Huh. He hadn't thought of that. Taking out his phone, he scrolled through his list of contacts until he reached "Cadana".

"Seriously! You actually did?" China gasped. "So this whole time-"

"Hey! I didn't remember!" America protested. How was he supposed to think of every method when his mind was distracted by the evils of Russia? "It probably wouldn't work anyway," America defended. "Russia would have him locked up somewhere with no means of communication!"

China banged his head against a wall and then peered over America's shoulder.

"Why is it spelled 'Cadana'?"

"This is how I always spell Canada," America replied. His brother's reaction was just too good.

"Of course," China grumbled, and he started when he saw his own name.

"What? Am I really spelled 'Chinatty' in your contacts?"

America shrugged and pressed "Cadana".

The phone rang once.

Then twice.

Thrice.

At the very end of the fourth ring, a loud crash sounded from the phone. China flinched.

"What the? America? How-"

Canada's voice was abruptly cut off. America widened his eyes and shook his phone to no avail.

"Canada? Bro? Where are you!?"

The phone remained silent. America cursed. China pressed his lips into a thin line and then widened his eyes. America, putting his phone away with an unnaturally hard look on his face, followed China's gaze to see India, naked, wave at them cheerfully as he stepped into view from behind a corner of the hallway.

"Oh, you're still clothed! That's lucky," he greeted.

"W-What is this!?" China yelped. America turned his head.

"You didn't know?" Now that he thought about it, he hadn't encountered anyone else after seeing China, but he would have thought China knew what France and Prussia were up to.

"Know what? India, why are you n-naked?" The red on his cheeks was obvious. India raised an eyebrow.

"This is the common fashion nowadays," he muttered dryly, and walked on.

"Prussia or France probably did that," America told a still shock China after India had passed from sight. "I'm surprised he's wandering around."

"Is-is this like April Fools?" China asked weakly.

"Pretty much." America sighed. "Now, where are you, Canada?"

"Outside." Both superpowers jumped as a tall figure stepped behind them.

"Netherlands?" America asked warily. The nation was of course naked, but didn't seem to mind the fact one bit. He was one of the nations America knew next to nothing about, personality wise.

"Like I said, he's in the parking lot. With Russia. I'm going there now."

America remained silent for a moment before following him. China, reluctantly, tagged along.

Germany reached the line of nations that had gathered at the edge of the parking lot, Italy cheerfully trailing behind him. Almost everyone was naked now, though neither France or Prussia could be seen.

In fact, it was the not naked nations that caught his attention now. The ones that had managed to escape or fight off any attempt at stripping them.

In one corner stood Hungary with her more unfortunate, naked companions, Seychelles and Monaco. Norway watched impassively a few feet away, his expression unreadable as ever. Egypt stood next to him, tense and wary. Germany caught a flash of red and spotted Romania and Moldova looking down from an open window on the second floor.

Them Germany saw the parking itself. That didn't necessarily make his jaw drop, but his eyes widened and stayed that way as his brain tried and failed to process the ridiculousness of the situation.

"It's very funny, isn't it, Germany?" Italy said cheerfully. Nearby, New Zealand turned his head and smiled.

"Oh yes. Almost makes up for my run in with Prussia and Latvia."

"What happened," Germany managed finally. And that wasn't even covering what was happening at that moment. Before New Zealand could reply, a loud battle cry-or at least that's what Germany assumed it was-sounded.

It was Canada. The nation charged across the parking lot, a hockey stick in hand, and slammed it down on Russia's right shoulder. The surrounding nations cheered. Russia stumbled back a little and swung his pipe in retaliation.

He missed. More cheering.

"They've been going at it for a while," New Zealand smiled, expression sleepy.

"But-but." Germany gaped. Perhaps Canada and Russia fighting in the side parking lot wasn't incredibly surprising. The real shock for Germany though...

A polar bear suddenly charged forward and snapped its jaws at Russia's legs. It would have been much more terrifying had it been full grown, but the small cub didn't even reach Russia's knee.

"Stay out of this, Kuma," Canada panted. The cub shrugged, padded a few meters away, and sat down to lick its fur.

Its white fur, which was covered in a dark viscous substance Germany was reasonably sure wasn't blood.

And that was the problem. It was dark and brown and golden and looked like honey.

The *entire parking lot* was covered in that substance, like someone had slathered it all over until it was 10 centimeters deep in the stuff. Footprints and indentations and lined marred the

surface, no doubt caused by Canada and Russia's fight. They were both drenched in the sticky substance as well, matting their hair and clothes and weapons. Most of the surrounding nations had it on their bodies too.

It seemed to be at the highest level in the middle of the parking lot and ooze outward, stopping just before it reached the outer edges of the grey square. A line of closely planted trees lined one side, while the walls of three buildings flanked its other sides. Even though the substance didn't completely cover the entire area, the visible grey parts were covered by sticky footprints and mostly occupied by bystander nations. The stuff was even plastered over parts of the walls and dripping from the trees.

Germany was amazed no humans had tried to investigate yet.

"W-what is this stuff?" he asked, wincing as a few drops splattered onto his face, kicked up by Russia. It wasn't honey, Germany knew.

"Maple syrup, of course!" Italy licked a bit off his sticky fingers. "It's very delicious."

"A-and why," Germany forced out, "Does it look like it just rained this stuff?"

"Canada and Russia," New Zealand said. "I was the first one here besides them, so I saw the whole thing. Russia brought in the big truck full of barrels of it and-well-I guess they just cut them open and let it pour out. Wait-Russia did that. I think Canada was trying to stop him."

Germany groaned. What was he supposed to do here?

"Try harder, Canada!" Russia called. Canada lunged forward with his hockey stick, and then tripped and face-palmed into golden-brown syrup. A collective sigh of disappointment rang out from the spectating nations.

"TRY HARDER, BRO!!" Cuba yelled. He was waving a mini Canada flag and stood a few meters away from Germany, jumping up and down and yelling encouragement. Canada jumped up and took a few steps forward, not minding the fact that his entire face was now covered in sticky maple syrup.

Russia sent a frown in Cuba's direction and charged forward. Canada dodged the pipe awkwardly and tripped on Russia's scarf instead, sending both of them falling.

"How heck did they end up fighting like this?" Germany asked nobody in particular. Cuba shrugged.

"Don't know, don't care. After Prussia got to me I just kinda followed the crowd and got here. GET HIM, CANADA!" He directed that last part as both nations stood up again and levied their weapons once more.

"I think Canada got upset about this maple syrup mess and his polar bear started attacking and things just spiraled from there," New Zealand answered. Italy nodded but remained strangely silent, eyes focused on the fight.

"This is fun," Russia giggled as Canada's hockey stick narrowly missed his skull. "I'm so glad you're my friend, Canada. You're the best friend ever."

"I'M NOT YOUR FRIEND!!!" Canada, silent until now, suddenly shrieked. Germany flinched at the ferocity of the tone, as did a few other nations, but Russia remained unfazed.

"Of course you are. Everyone is my friend!" Russia's expression then darkened. "Except America of course. And Cuba."

Cuba scowled and looked away.

"Your fault for calling me in the middle of the night," he grumbled. Germany didn't have time to wonder about what he'd just said, because at that moment two more nations showed up.

"CANADAAAAAAA!" America suddenly burst across the parking lot and slammed into Russia at full speed, sending them careening into a terrified looking Japan. The superpower's sudden appearance was so sudden and unexpected Germany jumped and fell over in shock. Similar reactions rippled through most of the other nations.

Today is just full of surprises, Germany thought to himself wearily, getting back up and trying, in vain, to wipe off the bits of syrup that clung to him. Looking around, he saw that America and Russia had untangled themselves from Japan and were glaring at each other.

Wait-they just ran into Japan? He was here the whole time and Germany never noticed?

"OUT OF THE WAY, AMERICA!" Canada yelled. He brandished his hockey stick and Russia, this time caught unawares, received the full force of it, the hockey stick smashing right into his face. Without a sound, he crumpled.

A single beat of silence followed the event, as the world processed what had just happened.

Then, suddenly, a great cheer rose up and everyone moved to congratulate Canada on this win. Germany was five seconds in until he realized he himself was cheering. Italy grabbed his arm and jumped up and down, blowing everyone kisses for some reason.

"HE WON! HE WON!" he yelled excitedly. "Come on, Germany, let's congratulate him!" Italy tugged at his arm as they moved through the parking lot, not minding the thick mess they were stepping through.

Germany, oddly exhilarated, followed along.

China stepped into the parking lot just in time to see America and Japan, the latter of which was naked, tangled together in a rather compromising position while Russia stood over them menacingly.

He nearly fainted at the sight. But a sudden blur and loud crack left him no time to properly react, and before he knew it a loud cheer rang out and various other nations, almost all of which were naked, streamed forward and gathered around someone China couldn't see clearly.

"Aiyah! What is going on!?" he yelled, frustrated. Why didn't he know anything about what was happening? "And what happened to the parking lot! It looks like someone dumped a million liters of honey on in!"

"Lots of stuff!" South Korea slid next to him, beaming. "Not sure about the maple syrup. I was on a super secret spy mission, but America stole it!"

"How do you steal a spy mission? And tell me why everyone's naked!" China demanded. South Korea shrugged, seemingly not bothered by the cold. And jumping around with no regard to what he might...expose. The shame of being surrounded by unclothed idiots.

"Oh, all I know is that Prussia and France did all the stripping. No idea why."

China sighed despairingly, and in his self-pity didn't notice when South Korea squeaked and darted away.

A heavy, cold, sticky hand rested itself on China's shoulder.

China shrieked and jumped around to find himself face to face with a frowning Russia. That in itself was not a very good sign. Russia almost never frowned.

"Don't do that!" China hissed. "And what happened?"

"Canada's bear wanted maple syrup," Russia mumbled. "So I got some. Also, my head hurts."

"That doesn't explain-this!" China gestured at the parking lot. And the various naked nations treading across it. Did they not have any sense of shame!?

"America is not the only one who knows mass production," Russia replied. "But Canada doesn't appreciate me efforts, apparently."

"You-you covered an entire parking lot in this stuff."

"It looks very nice," Russia protested. "But Canada says, 'no, Russia, don't do this'. And tried to stop me."

Russia scowled. "Friends are supposed to help each other, not stop them!"

"I wasn't aware you two are friends," China raised an eyebrow. Experience told him what Russia was going to say next.

"We are!" Russia wailed. "Of course he is my friend!"

"And I suppose Canada said otherwise?"

"He doesn't know what he's talking about," Russia sniffed. "I consider him my friend, so he's my friend."

"I don't think it works like that," China told him, dread setting in as Russia's unhappy attitude got worse. This entire day was turning into one big headache...

"What do you mean?" Russia tilted his head, eyes narrowed dangerously. Oh dear...

Someone had to tell him eventually. His "friendships" and "punishments". His insanity.

China didn't want to be that someone.

Luckily, he didn't have to be, at least for that day.

"China! I, like, need to—" Hong Kong abruptly cut himself off as he spotted Russia. *He's not naked*, China thought with relief.

"Er-yes! Hong Kong needs something. We'll talk later!" *Hopefully much later.*

Hong Kong, for once, didn't say anything as China ushered him away. As soon as they were what China considered adequately far enough, he stopped.

"I do need something," Hong Kong told him a few moments later. China sighed. No doubt he got in trouble, or hatched another one of his crazy schemes.

"I'm bringing Macau next time," China grumbled. "He does what he's told, unlike you."

Hong Kong merely shrugged.

"Like, whatever. I got this totally awesome" his lips quirked up at that part "motorcycle, and..."

Japan inhaled. Then he exhaled. Then he inhaled again, but unfortunately couldn't exhale fast enough, before America's hand clapped him on the back, sending him tumbling and coughing.

"Dude! I think my bro Canada just beat Russia silly. I knew he could do it all by himself!" America laughed awkwardly. Japan forced a smile onto his mouth.

"I-I agree, America-kun."

Canada's victory was surprising in many ways. Everyone knew he had a decent chance of winning, but many couldn't shake off the feeling of Russia's impenetrable defences.

Of course, no defense was impenetrable. Especially not to surprise.

"So, Japan, while my neighbor's celebrating our victory, what do you say about taking up that bed offer?" America asked, grinning.

"Our victory?" Japan replied, confused.

"Me and Canada's! I totally helped big time!"

Japan shook his head slightly in a fond yet exasperated manner. Then he processed that last few words.

"What do you mean, 'bed offer'?"

America stared at him for a few seconds before shaking his head in a perfect imitation of the gesture Japan had done just a few moments before.

"You'll see. Come to my hotel room tonight. And, er—" America furrowed his eyebrows. Japan recognized the expression as one America had when he was thinking deeply about something.

"America? Is there something you want to tell me?" Japan asked hesitantly. He had the feeling he was missing something important. A brief, thoughtful look crossed America's face before he shook his head.

"It's nothing!" he said brightly, with a hint of unsureness. Japan nodded.

"Um—you still look great though—" America added, and then slapped a hand over his mouth, eyes widening. Japan stiffened when he realized he was still naked. Around America.

And he had completely forgotten about the fact.

"Oh—ah...thanks?" Japan's mind raced to try and find an appropriate response. He couldn't find any. And his face was heating up.

"I think you do too!" was the best he could come up with.

"..."

Japan bit his lip in embarrassment. He felt like he was about to cry.

America's expression mirrored his.

Amidst the chaos and multitude of distractions, Norway was the first to notice them. He had slipped away after Canada had taken down Russia, to check on Iceland.

Switzerland and Liechtenstein had returned. When Norway first spotted them talking after leaving the room that Czech Republic was presumably in, he realized while hunting France and Prussia was on their list it was second to getting clothes for everyone. Somewhat surprising was the nerve they showed breaking rules and leaving the site of the meeting place.

Then again, that rule had been put in place to minimize damage and suspicion from humans, and if anyone could break it without repercussions it would be those two.

Now, Norway spotted the two large boxes in both their hands. After reaching the front of the building they dropped them at the door, and the two exchanged brief words before Switzerland pulled something from his box: a set of clothes, and slipped inside the building.

Probably for Czech Republic.

Then, Liechtenstein took her box, the larger one, and headed for the side parking lot.

Norway watched her leave, and then walked up to Switzerland's box, picking out a set of clothes. With anyone else he would have spent time wondering how they decided which clothes to choose, but he knew Switzerland would instinctively get the cheapest ones possible. Even if he was going to make certain people pay for it later.

Gathering the clothes up, he skirted around the building and headed left, the side opposite to the chaos.

Iceland was where he left him, still with Turkey's jacket, with Turkey sitting a few feet away on the gray pavement tapping on his phone.

"Here." Norway tossed Iceland the clothes and then started pulling Turkey away. "Meet us at the front door when you're done!" Norway called, smiling a bit internally at Iceland startled and then flustered expression.

"Where're we going?" Turkey hissed, turning so his eyes met Norway's. He dropped Turkey's arm and they started walking.

"To see the action," Norway replied. "Nearly everyone is at the other side of the building, you know." From Turkey's expression, he didn't.

"What are they doing there?" Turkey asked. His eyes then turned towards the box in front of the door, as they reached it.

"You'll see," Norway replied. "Liechtenstein has gone, presumably to pass out clothes, though I'm sure she has something else planned."

At that moment Iceland ran up to them, dressed in the attire Norway had picked out. Over a blank white t-shirt and baggy trousers he had worn Turkey's jacket, and his footwear consisted of bright pink slippers.

"Why did you choose these slippers?" Iceland huffed.

"They were the only ones there," Norway shrugged, and then smiled. "Not even a 'thanks' for my efforts?"

"I know what you want me to do!" Iceland snapped, still blushing. "I'm not saying it!"

"But after all I've done for you," Norway sighed, managing to pull off a dramatic, saddened look. "you can't be bothered to call me 'big brother' even once?"

"Shut up!" Iceland huffed. "In your dreams."

Turkey looked between the two of them and cleared his throat.

"Don't we want to see 'the action'?"

Norway nodded.

"Right. It's quite a shock, the state the place is in."

"Alright, alright. Let's just go," Iceland said. Norway raised his eyebrows, and the three walked back, just in time to see a smiling Liechtenstein open her box.

Chapter End Notes

What happened with England, Russia, Cuba, Hungary, and possibly America will become a one-shot for a future story(just a one-shot this time...I think). I couldn't find a good place to fit it in here and felt a simple explanation through dialogue wouldn't be good enough and that the idea merits its own story. I'm not sure I should label it as a sequel or prequel since it could be read separately, but we'll see.

While going through list of Hetalia characters, deciding how each will play a role, trying to think if I missed any more unknown ones, thinks to myself, *is there any major Hetalia character which you would expect to show up which hasn't yet for some reason?*. Oh yeah, Spain! But I decided early one he wasn't going to be here, using his economic crisis(the original reason this takes place in 2011-2012) as an excuse for that. Why are some other characters in worse shape here then? Simple! Spain actually was well enough to come but used it as an excuse in-universe. Why am I not including Spain...? Well...I just don't like him. No major specific reason, just...I don't hate any Hetalia character, but Spain is my least favorite. Let's just say that. Besides, him being here would have ruined the whole Prussia and France having a contest thing, with the Bad Touch Trio/Bad Friends Trio thing he would have taken a side or been fought over and that just detracts from the story.

What's that? Someone else important in Hetalia hasn't shown up yet? Who?

...

Oh.

How the heck did I forget China like I'm Chinese what the heck-

ANYWAY HE'S HERE BE HAPPY. I just couldn't find a role for him at first when planning this and thought I would later and sort of forgot.

And yes, Chinatty is a (terrible, absolutely terrible) pun on Shinatty-Chan

Czech Republic should be called Czechia in 2019, but this is in 2011-2012, like I said, which is before they made that statement about preferring Czechia.

I headcanon both America and Japan would be extremely awkward initiating and being in a relationship. Japan because...he's Japan. He's got a huge personal space bubble and thinks Italy actually wanted to marry him when he gave a hug. I mean, I know there's culture shock, but... Anyway, America would just be inexperienced, I think. He's young,

and there's actually not much romantic stuff or ship tease for him in canon, especially compared to other characters. The person who he's had the most ship tease with is actually Lithuania, and it's really cute. AmeLiet is my favorite America ship and in my opinion is really underrated. Though, the only other person I ship him with is Japan. America just strikes me as someone who's not that interested in romantic relationships. Both AmeLiet and AmeriPan are hellacute though.

Anyway, I just thought it was funny to see both America and Japan try to flirt with each other and fail miserably and then decide "let's just fuck and skip the rest of this stuff."

I notice most OC Indias are female but India does actually exist in Hetalia canon and he's confirmed male. I think he's shown taking care of a sick England in one strip, and shows up in a Halloween event or two? There's not much in way of personality at the moment but he dances I think, though I haven't read those strips in a while so don't quote me on that.

Cuba/Canada is just awesome and so underappreciated as either a ship or bromance, I'm baffled as to why there aren't more fanfics of it.

This got so long I split it in two. I'll post the final chapter soon, I swear. This does mean who's perspective it was at the end of the last chapter will have to wait... I am so sorry, I'll do my best to get it out as soon as I can.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The room was on the second floor, small and lit with a bright light. An oval mahogany table was placed in the middle, with similarly colored chairs around it. A large, clear window at the far end allowed a viewer to see the front of the building.

Prussia was in one of the chairs, smirking confidently, while Latvia sat shivering across from him. They were both deep in conversation.

"How many do we have now?"

"Er-I think around 60 nations."

"Great! That's gotta be more than France. HA! He thinks he can do better than the awesome me..."

Lithuania leaned away from the crack in the door and gave a thumbs up to Australia, who smiled as he juggled what appear to be dark gray balls.

Lithuania took a deep breath to steady himself. All their work and planning was leading up to this. He could not fail.

Taking at step back, Lithuania braced himself and kicked the door open.

Before Prussia or Latvia could react, Australia threw his contraptions one by one. They sailed across the room, but Lithuania didn't bother to see where they landed.

Instead, he slammed the door shut and waited. A few seconds later rewarded them with extremely loud German cursing followed by desperate pounding on the door.

"What is-"

"FORGET THAT! LET US OUT, YOU PAGAN BASTARD!" Prussia screeched.

A few minutes later, the pounding gradually grew weaker, before stopping altogether. They waited a few more minutes for good measure before Australia cracked open the door and jumped back. Misty white gas seeped out and into the hallway. Lithuania closed his eyes and covered his nose, running down the hallway. Thankfully, the hallway was large and spacious, allowing the gas to disperse easily, helped by all the windows they had opened beforehand.

After he was fairly sure the gas had thinned into non-lethal amounts, Lithuania carefully edged towards the meeting room. Fanning the air in front of him, Lithuania dashed into the room after a few more minutes and quickly pushed the window in the back outward. Sticking his head out, he took a quick breath of fresh air before it was tainted by the gas. Australia was right by him.

"Man, that stuff's potent," Australia commented after they got their bearings and the gas had mostly thinned out. "Glad we finally got these two though." He gestured towards Prussia and Latvia, unconscious and sprawled across the floor.

"What do we do with them?" Lithuania asked uncertainly. Assaulding other nations with massive amounts of tear gas was not something he did very often. Or, at all, for that matter.

"Well..." Australia knelt down next to Prussia and put a hand on his heart. "Yep, definitely dead. 'mazing what different levels of concentration can do. If Prussia's out like this Latvia's ridin' the emu to hell."

"What?" Lithuania stared. Australia shook his head and grinned.

"Nevermind. Let's tie 'em up and get'em stashed somewhere. We've got one more stripper to catch, remember?"

Lithuania nodded, taking a length of rope from Australia and firmly binding Latvia's wrists, legs, arms, making sure he would be completely immobile even when he woke up. He felt a guilty pang in his chest, but quickly pushed it down. Latvia made his choice helping Prussia, even if intimidation was involved.

"Right," Australia said once he was done with Prussia, straightening up. Lithuania tied the end of his rope to the door handle and the other end to Prussia.

Australia smiled, looking at their handiwork. Lithuania opened the door and the two of them stepped into the hallway. The itching sensation from the tear gas had faded into the background of Lithuania's mind.

Australia flashed a grin at Lithuania, determination burning in his eyes.

"Time to catch ourselves a frog."

Liechtenstein was talking to Hungary. Both woman had terrifying smiles on their faces.

"What the fuck are they planning?" Romano hissed to New Zealand, who merely shrugged.

Romano proceeded to hide behind said nation and peer out from over his shoulder. It didn't make for a very good hiding spot, but it was something. Or so he thought.

"Good news, everyone!" Liechtenstein suddenly called in her cute voice. Damn. Why do the scary ones all have such cute voices? "I brought clothes! Enough for everyone!" Romano suddenly realized most females nations who had once been naked were now dressed or putting on some form of clothing, which mostly consisted of the same boring blue t-shirt and black pants, as far as he could tell.

"Er-for us too?" Germany blinked. The potato bastard had no idea what he was getting into, did he?

"Of course! And I have the perfect one for you, Germany, hold on..."

Liechtenstein dug into the box and pulled out...a skirt. With an accompanying flowery top and tight black pants.

"I selected this set just for you!"

Hungary burst out laughing. The bewildered expression on Germany's face was priceless, and Romano had to restrain himself from snickering.

"Oh? How nice of them! I think it'll look great on you, Germany!" Italy cheerfully called out.

"Italy!?" Germany spluttered, still looking at Liechtenstein like he couldn't comprehend what was happening. Which he probably couldn't.

Liechtenstein pressed the clothes into Germany's arms and dug through her box again, this time pulling out stacks of lacy dresses.

"Enough for most of you men!" Hungary called out.

"This is the clothing you've brought us!?" Cuba gasped.

"This or nothing!" Liechtenstein replied. "They were the cheapest option available. So," she looked around. "Who wants one?"

After a moment of stillness, someone called out.

"I have a volunteer!"

Sweden was suddenly pushed in front of Liechtenstein. His expression was slightly less scary and slightly more terrified than usual.

"N-no" he started, only to be shut up by a slap from Finland.

"Nonsense! Sve would love to put on this dress, right?" Finland smiled. Romano could detect innocence in the that smile. Nothing more.

Damn. There was a good actor.

Sweden opened his mouth but could only manage a hitched mumble.

"Wonderful!" Hungary said. "Here you go!" she tossed a dress at Finland and grinned. "I suppose I couldn't have you wear one as well?"

"Nope!" Finland chirped. "Thanks *very* much. Let's try it on, Sve."

Sweden shook his head slightly but didn't resist as Finland dragged him to the back to the crowd.

Romano suddenly noticed Germany had put the dress on in that span of time. Or more likely, Italy had forced it on him.

Currently, the potato muncher was trying his hardest not to attract attention. It wasn't working.

"You look great!" Hungary called while handing out another dress to a blushing Estonia. In her hand, a camera had somehow appeared. Meanwhile, Liechtenstein was forcing a dress over Japan's head.

Oh fuck. They were resorting to force now. And taking pictures while they were at it.

Romano decided to get out before they managed to get a dress on him.

Backing away from New Zealand, he skittered along the wall of the building and then ran out of the side parking lot, to the front of the building, as fast as he could.

Lithuania adjusted the collar of his shirt nervously as he waited for Australia to get back. France seemed more daunting, more imposing than Prussia to him, somehow. Perhaps it was because he had defeated Prussia soundly before in history, or that Lithuania had never been molested and stripped by him while the same certainly couldn't be said for France, who was a master at this while Prussia could only hope to uphold a pale imitation.

"Alright! Everythin' in place!" Australia's voice startled Lithuania out of his thoughts. "You got your doors blocked?"

"Yes," Lithuania replied. "This is the only one left."

Australia nodded.

"Where's your koala?" Lithuania suddenly asked. The creature had disappeared shortly before the started planning Prussia's capture.

"I sent it to look the help," Australia said. "Just in case."

"Help?" Lithuania asked. "How?"

"He'll manage," Australia replied. "That, or he can provide a distraction if needed."

Lithuania nodded, deciding to let the matter go.

"Can't wait a moment longer. Got your weapon?"

Lithuania inclined his head. His 'weapon' was actually just the broken leg of a chair, since unlike certain other nations he didn't make a habit of carrying guns, blades, or explosives to meetings.

But he knew blunt force would work just as well for killing or knocking someone else out if used right. In Lithuania's other hand he held coils of rope.

Australia twirled a wooden baseball bat.

With a nod to each other, they charged into the cafeteria.

France did not have any help, unlike Prussia. Lithuania narrowed his eyes as he moved forward, and swung his chair leg as hard as he could at France's skull.

He missed. France moved out of the way just as fluidly and grabbed the chair leg. Lithuania tried to yank it away, but France held on firm.

"Hm? Lithuania?" His face held a trace of surprise. "I didn't think you had the nerve for something like this."

Lithuania desperately tried to quell the rising terror inside of him, swinging his head around in search of Australia. Said nation was scrambling to get up from the floor, a motionless shape behind him. With a jolt, Lithuania realized it was an unconscious England.

"Sorry. Tripped over Iggy here." Australia held his baseball bat forward and smiled thinly at France, who scowled back.

"I had aimed to unveil you two sometime, but it looked like you've thrown yourselves at me! That desperate, my dears?" France suddenly shoved the chair leg forward, slamming it into Lithuania's abdomen. He gasped, stumbling back and collapsing onto the floor. Numbly, he could make out Australia charging, and the knocking of two wooden objects.

"Let it up, Australia. I got England, and I'll get you too," France taunted. Australia didn't reply.

Lithuania tried to get up, but managed only to roll over. Australia's foot planted itself next to Lithuania head as his baseball bat was knocked out of his hand.

How did this go so wrong? Lithuania thought miserably. His mind was blank, unable to see a way out of the situation they had dug themselves into.

France tsked and slammed his chair leg at Australia, who could only dodge.

"How long can you keep this up?" France challenged.

"Long enough," Australia snapped. "You haven't won yet. Far from it."

"Oh? And how is that?"

"Because we're here," A new voice, familiar yet unplaceable, calmly replied. Lithuania felt he should know it, but couldn't place the voice's owner.

"It is...unbecoming to present myself like this, but I suppose it is better than that stuffy dark room." That voice, Lithuania recognized immediately.

"Austria! Heh, if you think dusty clothin' is bad wait till you see the rest o' us. Nice o' you to show up, by the way. An' you too...er..."

"It's fine. Introductions can wait until France is dealt with."

France laughed.

"This is your back up? Prissy I can't even walk 10 meters without rest Austria and some nation so insignificant none of us recognize him?"

"Insignificant as I might be, you will still be the one going down today."

"And how do you plan on-"

France's voice was suddenly cut off, replaced with an odd choking sound.

"Get the rope and tie him up, quickly! I can't hold him down for long."

Australia bent down and pried the rope from Lithuania's fingers. A few moments later France started talking again.

"W-wait! Let me go, please! I-I can't go through that torture again! I promise I'll stop and everything!" To Lithuania's surprise, a note of panic was steadily creeping into his tone. What could scare France that much?

Lithuania saw someone with black hair and green eyes lean over him, putting a hand to his chest and abdomen.

"At least three broken ribs. One might have pierced the left lung. Definitely some internal bleeding. He's in shock too, which is good if it means he's not feeling anything. It should heal by the end of the day."

"Thanks." Australia said.

"It's no problem. Your koala is the one we should thank, getting us out of our bonds."

"Who's a good boy..."

"We can congratulate ourselves later," Austria interrupted. "We should get France somewhere he can't escape."

"Oh, we'll bring both him and Prussia to the other nations for justice."

"You have Prussia too?" Mystery voice asked.

"Yep!"

"Oh, that's good..."

Lithuania felt himself being lifted up.

"Alrigh'. Let's get this over with."

"Umm..." Iceland was now extremely glad Norway had gotten him clothes before hand. Sweden's situation didn't look very fun.

"Maybe we should volunteer Denmark," Norway commented.

"We should," Iceland agreed. From the corner of his eyes he saw Denmark freeze and then promptly turn around and run off.

Oh well.

So far, Liechtenstein and Hungary, with the help of some other female nations, had managed to make the majority of naked male nations wear dresses. Iceland made sure he stuck close to Norway and Turkey.

"Well, what do we do now?" Turkey finally asked as they watched. Norway checked his phone again.

"We have forty minutes before the meeting ends," he replied. "We'll have to just stay here until then."

Turkey sighed, sitting down onto the gray pavement. The three had found one the few syrup-free areas of the parking lot and had proceeded to stake their claim while the previous occupying nations had presumably gone to get a dress. No one came to challenge them.

"Weird day," Iceland mumbled. Norway raised an eyebrow.

"On a scale of one to ten I'd give it a six in terms of weirdness."

"Just a six?" Turkey asked.

"You don't want to know what goes in his mind," Iceland huffed. He was about to say more when someone interrupted all the chattering with a loud yell.

"MAKE ROOM FOR THE ESCORT!"

"What's that?" Turkey asked. Norway narrowed his eyes, peering at his phone.

"Prussia, Latvia, and France, most likely. Four others have them tied up and are dragging them here. Australia, Austria, Bulgaria, and Lithuania. Wait-England's being dragged along too."

"Huh. I haven't see any of them since we all left the meeting room." Turkey commented.

That seems like so long ago, Iceland reflected.

"Estonia! Why are you in a dress!" Lithuania's shocked voice gasped.

"What the hell happened here?" Australia asked.

Iceland tuned out Estonia's explanation and looked at Prussia and France, who were now tied and knee deep in syrup at the middle of the parking lot.

"Right. These are the two who cause this stripping mess?" The person who asked Iceland identified as Bulgaria. His clothes were torn and scuffed, but at least he still had them on.

"Yes," Germany limped forward. "I think we should calm down and wait until the meeting is over. Then," Germany's eyes hardened. "They will be punished."

"Where's Latvia?" Iceland whispered to Norway. He hadn't seen the Baltic nation disappear, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Ran off into the building," Norway replied. "He's quite the escape artist, or so Estonia told me."

Iceland looked back at France and Prussia. The former was shaking, while the latter had a defiant and smug look on his face.

"I totally stripped more people than you," Prussia gloated.

"N-non! I am the master!" France, looking less scared and more confident now, snapped back at him.

"Oh yeah? How many did you get?"

"Over seventy, you amateur."

Prussia smiled even more.

"Then I have eighty!"

"I do not believe this!" France hissed. "And I mean I actually don't, you liar!"

"I am not lying!" Prussia snapped. "You're just afraid of admitting the awesome me is better than you!"

"No, I-

"Oh you two, there's no need to argue when the most objective source is right here," another voice cut in.

Everyone's heads turned. Until then, Iceland hadn't realized he wasn't the only one who had fallen silent to watch France and Prussia's argument.

"Romania?" Bulgaria asked. "Where have you been?"

Romania waved his hand.

"About. But more interestingly, I have been collecting information about this little match between our two troublemakers, and with Moldova have assembled a list of people who have

been stripped by France and a list of people who have been stripped by Prussia."

"And who's the winner?" France asked.

"75 to 59, France is the winner by 16 nations," Romania replied. "But don't let it get into your head, because I'm sure your "victims" will find some creative torture to punish both of you with after this."

"That sounds about right," Australia grinned.

Prussia scowled and looked down while France seemed to wilt again.

"What do I do with him?" Austria called. He was dragging England's body forward.

"Oh, have him punish France like last time!" Hungary smiled. "Wait-let's make it last an entire month this time."

"Didn't Sweden come up with that punishment?" Iceland whispered to Norway, who nodded.

"You lot are a scary bunch," Turkey commented. Both brothers rolled their eyes simultaneously.

"What about Prussia?" Iceland wondered. Norway shrugged.

"Who knows. But," he paused.

"I think I would like a part in his punishment."

Later that night...

"Ommf! Italy!"

"Sorry, Germany. But I'm just sad to that dress go..."

"You-ugh. Forget it. I'm not even surprised anymore..."

"That's good! We can finally move onto the good part!"

"Wait-what?"

"The part where we can finally start having fun!"

"Ah-ah...ITALY!?"

"Slovakia, honestly."

"I said I'm sorry..."

"Be glad Switzerland decided to take pity on you too."

"But how was I supposed to wait for hours by myself in a dark room?"

"Big brother, you passed out all the clothes in the other box, right?"

"Yes."

"Hmm...to bad we couldn't get more. But I made twice the amount of money we spent setting this up for Hungary! I should do more favors like this in the future, they've proven to be really profitable. And I got copies of the picture too, they'll be great money makers all on their own!"

"That's good. But..."

"But...?"

"But we should still extracted the amount paid from the takers."

"Ooh~ I think I can use these pictures as blackmail. This'll be fun!"

"As long as we profit."

"You tomato bastard, do you know how fucking nerve-wracking today was?! Where were you!?"

"No, don't tell me you were sick. You weren't sick enough to not come here, you lazy bastard!"

"No, I don't care! Everything was fucking horrible today! Tell your stupid friends to stop being fucking jerks!"

"What do you mean!? No, you will not see me like that ever!"

"W-what!? NO, DON'T YOU DARE FUCKING CONTACT HUNGARY YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!"

"AND DON'T FUCKING HANG UP YOU-"

"..."

"Fuck."

"Oh, this is such great material...to bad I couldn't get you into a dress."

"Hungary, my dear, I would like to politely request that you *do not put me in a dress.*"

"Austria, really. You would look adorable."

"Still, please do not."

"I'll change your mind one day...or I'll find another way."

"*sigh*"

"Hong Kong, where did that motorcycle come from?"

"I took it."

"What!? You stole? From who!?"

"Prussia."

"Oh. That's okay then, I guess."

"Teacher, you don't make a really good role model like this. And then you, like, blame me for acting this way."

"I blame England!"

"Eh. Admit it, you blame me too."

"Ugh. I swear if I had a son and he was like you..."

"Bro, Canada, that was awesome. Though, what actually happened with the maple syrup?"

"Well, Russia dragged me away and made some phone calls and next thing I knew there was a giant truck with barrels of maple syrup."

"That's-you know what, I'm just gonna mark today off as another one of "those days"."

"Those days?"

"You know, Christmas, April Fool's, *that time aliens fucking invaded.*"

"Oh, yeah. Those day have been fun in their own ways, though, haven't they, Cuba?"

"I guess. You were always amazing with apocalyptic scenarios."

"I wouldn't call those days 'apocalyptic'."

"..."

"Okay. Maybe the Pictonian invasion. Just a little."

"You've got balls, man."

"My head still hurts..."

"As much as a few hours ago?"

"Well...no."

"Don't worry too much now, England. It should be gone by tomorrow."

"Ugh. Well-wait. WHY ARE YOU IN MY HOUSE!?"

"Ufufufufu~"

"Stop doing your weird laugh and just answer my question already!"

"Ufufufufu~"

"ANSWER MY DAMN QUESTION OR GET OUT, RUSSIA!"

"Ufufufufu~"

"That's it."

"W-"

BAM

"There. Much better. Pity about the stain though...that red looks so terribly offensive on blue carpet."

"What? I was, like, totally awesome."

"If I recall, you were naked and hiding in a room like a scared chipmunk for most of the meeting."

"Was not!"

"You were though. France stripped you and you ran off crying, and then got shoved in a room by Australia."

"WAAH. No, that's not what happened!"

"But I'm pretty sure I remember correctly, Poland..."

"*Sniff* Where's Liet? He's a much better friend than you, Latvia."

"W-what? Why?"

"Right, so what do we do while America and Japan are banging loudly next door?"

"Let's do it as well!"

"I didn't know you were into that, Denmark. Also, the three of us? That is disgusting."

"I agree. If you even dare look at Iceland like that I will trap you in the middle of Greenland's glaciers."

"Nor, Global warming will save me!"

"By the time the glaciers have melted you will be sad collection of underwater cities. With dead people."

"Ah, shit. To survive all the way till today only to be killed by the ocean."

"You knew the sea would claim you one day."

"Maybe nuclear war will wipe me off the map first."

"If it wipes one nation it wipes us out all."

"There's a fun thought, Iceland."

"Thank you, Denmark. I delight in fun thoughts."

"I-I don't think this is a dream this time..."

"Dude, why would you think that, Japan?"

"Ah, well..."

"Anyway, that was fun. Can't believe we hadn't-"

"America?"

"Yeah?"

"I think the others next door heard us."

"Well, shit."

"What do you think of these pictures, Sve?"

"Well...they're..."

"Maybe I'll call you my wife now!"

"..."

"Can't wait to show these to Denmark!"

"N-no, wait..."

"Why?"

"Um. Please don't."

"Beg, Sve."

"O-Okay."

"You didn't encounter either of them at all?"

"Not until Australia and Lithuania brought them in, nope."

"That's lucky, Turkey. If I kill you, will I get your luck?"

"Shut up, Greece."

"I'm glad you stopped a problem instead of causing one this time."

"Aww, Zealand, I'm great at solvin' problems!"

"That you are. I just wish you'd do it more often."

"...you know what? I think I might try that."

"Oh. I'm glad."

"...really, Zealand? That's it?"

"Do you recall what I had to deal with when we were younger?"

"Hey, England's fault he dumped me on you an' left. Still... yes. I'm sorry 'bout that."

"Ah. That's all I wanted to hear."

"Lithuania, *you* took down France and Prussia?"

"Well, Australia helped a lot. And Bulgaria, even."

"But still-wow. I guess you're stronger than I thought."

"Maybe I've always been stronger than you thought, Estonia."

"Wh-sorry, I didn't mean..."

"It's okay. People don't expect things like this from me and that's fine. Useful, even."

"...you know what? I envy you. Your bravery. It's more than I'll ever manage..."

"Don't say that, Estonia. You're smart and the best with technology. And no one could avoid Russia's wrath better than you."

"Lithuania... ...me getting away from Russia while the rest of you suffer. I felt so congratulatory, so proud of myself for it every time. But sometimes, just sometimes, I felt a little bit bad. Just a little bit. Because I would see you lie to protect the others, and take punishment in their place. Or risk everything to try and calm down Russia, not knowing how he would respond."

"And a little part of me, Lithuania, felt I should be doing that too. That I shouldn't be getting so proud and feeling so clever when the rest of you have to go through that...especially you. And I felt little ashamed at how I was only feeling a *little bit* bad. And then I felt ashamed about how I wasn't very ashamed of it, just a little. But I couldn't go past that point, and I couldn't bring myself to care enough to help you and the others. I've always been a selfish person. And I can't change that. Probably because I don't want to, and that just makes it worse."

"...Estonia, I don't blame you. At all. Because I was doing those things, being like that, so the rest of you didn't have to suffer as much. So the rest of you didn't have to act like that."

"How? How do you bring yourself to endure that pain?"

"I-I'm honestly not sure. Sometimes I would contemplate stopping and let my pain stop. But...everytime I see someone Russia was about to punish, I just...acted. I guess I figured better me than them, because I'd already faced so much now a few more lashes or whatever else Russia cooked up couldn't hurt as badly on me as that someone else."

"...I see. I couldn't never be like that."

"And I will never fault you for it, Estonia."

"Some would. But not you. T-thank you, Lithuania. For being here. And being such a great friend. I'm sorry...for being the way I am. But also not. It feels so strange when I think about it."

"Perhaps. So let's put these thoughts and memories aside for now. We need to wake early tomorrow to catch our plane."

"Y-yes, we do. Good night, Lithuania."

"Good night, Estonia. I wish you happy dreams."

"...you too."

"..."

"I hope your dreams can one day be as carefree as mine, Lithuania."

...

The next day

...

"W-where are we going?"

"England's house, France. Now shut up before I get you a gag as well."

"N-non! Don't do this!"

France started thrashing wildly in his bonds. It did no more than slide him a few centimeters back, but he show no signs of stopping the fruitless effort.

Romania sighed.

"Shut him up for me, will you, Bulgaria? And while you're at it take that pistol away from Prussia as well."

Bulgaria turned around in his seat and forced a piece of cloth onto France's face. After a few moments, he slumped down. Then, Bulgaria reached for the pistol Prussia had found. Prussia clicked the trigger with his bound hands, but an empty click was the only resulting sound.

Bulgaria took the pistol and smacked Prussia's head with it, who then also fell unsconscious.

"Those two are so annoying." Bulgaria huffed. "Why can't they just sit still and behave like normal prisoners?"

Romania chuckled.

"We're almost to England's house now. Then we don't have to seen them for at least another six months."

"Until the next World Meeting..." Bulgaria groaned. "Why do we still have these again?"

"To quote the official lines in the UN document that regulates 'treatment and other concerns of national personifications', 'as most nations have been observed to distance themselves

socially and psychologically from normal humans, it is vital they receive adequate interaction and social benefit from interaction of some kind, preferably with other nations due to the secrecy of their nature. Therefore, there shall be a semiannual meeting of nations. Other nations may be excluded if deemed volatile enough for sufficient possibility of harm coming to the surrounding humans or environment, or if their government has elected to not have them attend."

Romania coughed loudly once he finished reciting.

"Sorry-I think I have some human ignorance stuck down my throat."

Bulgaria smiled.

"Still. Maybe we should submit a proposition for these meetings to stop. It *has* been decades and the humans who first created that have either passed or retired from office."

Romania hummed.

"Maybe."

"I think you could convince them," Bulgaria added. "You're the most convincing person I've ever known. An essay or presentation, or speech, perhaps."

"We'll have to collect some signatures," Romania mused. "From everyone who agrees."

"We could probably even get a unanimous vote from the nations," Bulgaria replied.

"Probably. Oh, and we're here."

Romania pulled into England's driveway.

They got out of the car and opened the trunk. Prussia's body was surprisingly light in his hands, but Bulgaria wasn't complaining.

Romania didn't even bother to hold up France, but instead let him fall to the ground and then dragged him towards England's house by an arm.

"Romania! I was wondering when you'd get here." England widened the door and ushered them inside. Bulgaria threw Prussia onto the floor and plopped down on a couch.

"Where's Russia?" Romania asked.

"He didn't tell me what he was doing until after I cracked his skull in half, so he's still moping in the guest room," England huffed. Romania nodded.

"So France will be given the same punishment as last time. Listen to your music, eat your food, praise your stuff, but for two months instead of one day."

"Yes. I must say, Sweden's got to be darker than we thought to come up with something like this," England commented. "And we have decided the same will be true for Prussia, only he

will have to endure Russia instead. Oh, and we can borrow him as a ritual sacrifice if we want to. Norway negotiated that, obviously"

"Does Russia have permission to do anything else to him?" Bulgaria asked.

"Nope." England sighed. "Well, thanks for bringing them here."

"Our pleasure," Bulgaria replied. "But we have to get going now."

"Yep. Places to see, things to do, so I'll see you later, England." Romania waved as they walked back out the door.

"Later! And tell Norway we can't use my house for our next meeting, so we'll have to crash at his place," England called. Romania tipped his head and ducked into the driver's seat.

England watched as the car disappeared from sight. Then, he closed the door and smiled at the still unconscious France. His headache was completely gone. All the doors were shut. Piles of food were stacked in the kitchen and a playlist of famous English songs was on his phone.

"Oh, this is going to be fun," he snickered.

Netherlands stood in front of the building, tapping his feet.

Around him, various humans milled around, with hoses and trash bags and other equipment, slowly clearing the mess left from the World Meeting.

"How long." he grunted at the overseer.

"A-a few more hours. Four or five, I think," the human replied. He was covered with sticky bits of gravel, leaves, and maple syrup.

Netherlands nodded and gestured for him to continue his work.

"I have to find a way to get Amsterdam off the list," he sighed. "Perhaps if I bribe the right people..."

Chapter End Notes

IT'S DONE. FINALLY. Even it's late, but whatever!

The more I think about this fic the more ridiculous it becomes, but I wasn't even actively trying for it to be this way. It just sort of happened...needless to say my brain cooks up some weird ideas.

The Lithuania and Estonia segment turned deep really quickly. And out of place. Weird because of how Estonia was barely mentioned in the actual story. For the little parts of dialogue I just picked two (or three) characters and wrote whatever came to mind for their interactions. Most were pretty simple overall, but man, maybe this part should get its own story. "Tales from the USSR Household". How does that sound?

Australia and Lithuania. My new favorite bromance. Or rarepair. The dynamic would be pretty similar to AmeLiet. Is there a ship name for it? AusLiet? That would make sense but people would think it was Austria...he already has that meme about his name being similar to Australia's. Now I want to start a fanfic with each chapter a one-shot on an interaction between two characters which never interacted in canon, or only interacted very briefly. Anyone interested? Of course I'd do Australia and Lithuania, but probably also Norway and Turkey. No pairings in mind as of now, but who knows.

Also, I might actually write a fic in which it's an essay from Romania to the people at the UN about stopping these meetings. That's at least three ideas this fic (which was supposed to be a quick one-shot, mind you) has spawned for me.

"Latvia's ridin' the emu to hell" is probably the weirdest thing I've ever written. Like I was just writing what came to mind and I spent a full minute trying to decide whether or not to include this before deciding "why the heck not".

Liechtenstein's a lot less innocent here than what's normally portrayed. This is how I see her character. I think after a famine and near death and living with paranoid Switzerland she wouldn't be just a cute, innocent little sister. She is a nation, after all, and has money-making skills in her own right.

There's actually a drawing, a canon drawing, of Bulgaria being naked and tied up. Pretty sure Russia was the one behind that. I'm not sure how to find it but I was made aware of that gem by Hetafacts. There's also a bunch of drawings Hima made of various nations being semi-naked, some of which are from April Fool's and Christmas bloodbaths, but others which aren't. A true fan reads the webcomics as well! (Seriously though, you should check it out if you've only seen the anime. The webcomics are really enjoyable!)

Anyway, I didn't intend for this to be posted on Valentine's Day, but whatever! I hope you've all enjoyed!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!